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ART. I.—HUGH LATIMER.

1. *The Sermons of Hugh Latimer.* London. 1824.
2. *Sermons and Remains of Hugh Latimer.* Parker Society, Cambridge. 1845.

THE leading clergy of the Church of England performed a noble part during the time of the Reformation under the Eighth Henry, however foul may have been some of the instruments, and unscrupulous the measures employed by other parties on the side of reform. Many, whose names remain till this day embalmed in the heart of the nation, then rose to the height of the emergency, and proved, in the midst of disastrous circumstances, lights from heaven. Of these worthies few occupy a more prominent position, and none fill a wider space in the popular recollection, than HUGH LATIMER, the *quondam* Bishop of Worcester; but at the time of his martyrdom, and for several years before, a plain presbyter, having found the episcopate a burden too heavy for him to bear. With him the fabulous *Nolo episcopari*, as with Hooper, was no formula, but a conviction, and at the first decent excuse he found for laying down his pallium and mitre, he shook himself free of the wearisome baubles. But his story is worth telling, before we enter upon an exhibition of his merits.

This preacher after the people's heart was himself a man of the people, the son of a plain yeoman of Thurecaster, in the county of Leicester—a descent of which, humble though it might be, he never was ashamed—nay, made it his boast, saying in one of his sermons at court :—

“ My father was a yeoman, and had no lands of his own, only he  
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had a farm of three or four pound by the year at the uttermost, and hereupon he tilled so much as kept half a dozen men. He had walk for an hundred sheep, and my mother milked thirty kine. He was able, and did find the king a harness, with himself and his horse, while he came to the place that he should receive the king's wages. I can remember that I buckled his harness when he went to Blackheath Field. He kept me to school, or else I had not been able to have preached before the king's majesty now. He marryed my sisters with five pound, or twenty nobles a piece, so that he brought them up in godliness and the fear of God. He kept hospitality for his poor neighbours. And some alms he gave to the poor, and all this did he of the said farm; where he that now hath it payeth sixteen pound by the year, or more, and is not able to do anything for his prince, for himself, nor for his children, or give a cup of drink to the poor."

What an exquisite picture of humble farmer-life in the fifteenth century in England—its industry, its thrift, and its homely hospitality—no beggar ever turned unrelieved from the door, and his poor neighbours received with a cordial welcome to share the fruits of the husbandman's toil. What a bit for the pencil of a Gainsborough, a Constable, or a Wilson! What a genial *morceau* for the descriptive powers of the author of "The Deserted Village," and the unworldly "Vicar!" The lofty prelate, who in the high tide of court favour, could thus cherish the memory of his early home, would, in this homeliness of mood alone, apart from his attractive and entertaining oratory or other distinction, find his way to the people's heart. This is one of those touches of nature "which make the whole world kin."

The year of Hugh Latimer's birth is disputed. Some fixing it as early as 1470, others in the year 1480. The latter is probably near the correct date, as it agrees with Foxe the martyrologist's statement, that at the period of Edward VI's accession, which was in 1547, Latimer was above sixty-seven years old. Thus the dates are unfixed, and, we have to add, that the facts are scanty in the history of our martyr, until he becomes a public man—a circumstance the less to be wondered at, when the duration of Shelley the poet's stay at Brentford school, at Eton, and at Oxford, is not satisfactorily determined in any printed memoir to which we have had access, although the records of these several schools would determine the facts with accuracy,—although a cousin and schoolfellow has written his life,—and although hundreds of persons must still be living who knew his early history perfectly.

Another of the allusions of Latimer to his life at home, furnishes a pleasant glimpse of the recreation allowed in the

family of one who brought up his children "in godliness and fear of God :"—

"Men of England in times past," says the prelate, "when they would exercise themselves (for we must needs have some recreation, our bodies cannot endure without some exercise), they were wont to goe abroad in the fields of shooting. The art of shooting hath been in times past much esteemed in this realme: it is a gift of God that he hath given us to excell all other nations withall. It hath been God's instrument whereby he hath given us manye victories against our enemies. In my time, my poor father was as diligent to teach me to shoote, as to learne me any other thing; and so I think other men did their children. He taught me how to draw; how to lay my body in my bow, and not to drawe with strength of armes, as other nations doe, but with strength of the bodye. I had my bowes bought me, according to my age and strength; as I encreased in them, so my bowes were made bigger and bigger; for men shall never shoote well, except they be brought up in it. It is a goodly arte, a wholesome kind of exercise, and much commended in physie."

Brute strength is not of such vital moment now-a-days as in those of the "Blackheath Field," when the stout yew-tree and the twanging thong tried the shoulder to the utmost; yet never can it be a matter of indifference to the man of arms, whether he be strong or weak. A campaign kills more men than a field of battle, and the men who sink under the one are ill-fitted for the stern conflicts of the other. Not the worst part of a man's education, we hold with Latimer the elder, is that in which he is taught "to shoote"—in which for patriotic, social, and personal reasons, he is trained to use that instinct of self-defence which God has implanted in his nature, not for purposes of aggression, but as a shield against wrong. We admire old Latimer's training of his son, and equally so the honest pride of the son in the wisdom of his father's plans. The preacher's whole strain of observation proves him to have practically adopted the sentiment of Horace,—

"Nil me pœniteat sanum patris hujus."

Although there were six daughters to receive their portions out of the farm of a four-pound rental, the parents of Hugh determined to make their son a scholar, and give him to the Church. It is the pride of Romish fathers of that class to make their sons clergymen, the readiest way to make them gentlemen, and the only one which furnishes an eleemosynary professional education. We think the principle wrong which furnishes a free education for the ministry alone, as it must tend to the social degradation of that profession below all

others; and we thus passingly record our disapproval of a system which probably gave, nevertheless, a Hugh Latimer to the English Church. The Grammar School at Leicester, an institution in as efficient operation now as ever, thanks to that system of literary endowment, which is something widely different from what we condemn—sheer ecclesiastical almsgiving, prepared the lad for Cambridge, where he was entered at Christ's College in his fourteenth year. A conscientious student, he acquired reputation in his university career, and was in due time ordained to the priesthood by the Bishop of Lincoln. Very much in earnest for the salvation of his soul, he had serious thoughts about enrolling himself in some monkish fraternity in order the more effectually to secure his everlasting peace. When the doctrines of Luther began to be bruited in the university, this man, so earnest and upright according to the light he possessed, set himself strenuously to oppose them, and his efforts were marked by the approbation of the governing powers at Cambridge. Many others wavered, longing for some better fare than the dry disquisitions of the Schoolmen, but Latimer seemed to be satisfied, and propounded reasons publicly why others should be satisfied with the chopped straw of Duns the Irishman, and Peter the Lombard, with the flatulent puff-paste of seraphic doctors and doctors angelic. But the leaven of research and doubt at last began to work in himself as it had wrought in others, and probably about his fortieth year he was brought to embrace the truths of the Reformation. The fidelity and forbearance of one of the English Reformers conduced to this result, for Latimer declares, after Bilney had explained to him his views, that “from that time forward, he began to smell the word of God, and forsake the school-doctors and such fooleries.” True to its nature that the doctrine of faith is ever provocative of works, the great preacher and polemic adopted the practice of Bilney, and forsook disputation for visiting the sick in the hospitals, and the prisoner in his dungeon. Two hundred years afterwards, at Oxford, the doctrine of faith wrought in the same way with the Wesleys. Such is the practical reconciliation which “pure and undefiled religion” invariably, and with perfect ease, effects between the doctrines of Paul and James. Professional expositors encounter insuperable difficulties here—“the wayfaring man and the fool” find the crooked “made straight and the rough places plain.” These benevolent exercises greatly helped our neophyte, invigorating and expanding his virtues and his views. So well known did the change in Latimer's mind become, that Foxe reports him to have been examined thereon along with Bilney, by an ecclesiastical commission appointed

by Tonstall, bishop of London. This is really true of Bilney, who did not acquit himself like a man on the occasion, to his own horror and regret, exhibiting the same weakness which Cranmer did afterwards; but with the same result, as in the case of the recreant archbishop, for he had the courage to endure martyrdom for the truth only four years later, being publicly burnt in 1531, in the city of Norwich, by Nix, the bishop of that see. There is no evidence beyond Foxe's report that Latimer was subjected to inquisition then, although he had become a man marked for his Scriptural zeal, and for the altered style of his preaching, which no longer denounced the Reformers, but exhibited and exalted Christ.

An anecdote is told of him about this period, which is illustrative of the spirit of these times, and of the marvellous frankness of Master Latimer with his opponents. Card-playing was a standard recreation at Christmas-tide, and our Reformer, about the Christmas of 1529, took illustrative texts out of the Sermon on the Mount, which he announced by the names and figures of a pack of cards.

A certain Dr. Buckingham, prior of the Black Friars, conceiving this an apt occasion for travesty and confuting Latimer, in the same pulpit, produced a pair of dice, and cast *cinq-quer*, for the edification of the people—the *cinq* being five places out of the New Testament, and the *quer* being the four doctors. By means of these he would prove that it was not expedient for the people to hear the Scriptures in the vulgar tongue, lest the ignorant sort might be brought to misinterpret their meaning, and leave their vocation: as, for instance, the ploughman reading, "No man that layeth his hand on the plough, and looketh back, is fit for the kingdom of God," might, peradventure, cease from the plough; the baker reading, "A little leaven corrupteth a whole lump of dough," may, perchance, leave our bread unleavened; and a simple man reading, "If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out," might make himself blind, and so the world would be full of beggars. The triumphing of the wicked is proverbially short; and this paltry friar's only lasted till the afternoon service, when Latimer, who had heard him in the morning, occupied the pulpit. Buckingham sat opposite him, enveloped in that hood, of which, as garniture for the dead and living, it has been sharply said:—

"Qui fit ut moriamur in cucullo

Cum nemo bene vivat in cucullo?"

(The monk's hood the dead can profit but faintly,

Since the living the monk's hood has never made saintly.)

The preacher proceeded to say that such metaphors as were

alluded to in the morning were well understood in all languages, and would never be taken in a literal sense :—

“As, for example,” observed he, looking towards the place where the prior sat, “when the painters represent a fox preaching out of a friar’s cowl, no one is so weak as to take this for a real fox, but only as a figure of caution, to beware of that hypocrisy, craft, and dissimulation, which lieth hid many times in these cowls.”

The application was too pertinent to be mistaken; and Master Buckingham’s ears were so warmed for him, that he never cared to hear Master Latimer again.

West, bishop of Ely, who dropped into St. Mary’s, on purpose to hear him, was served in much the same uncere-  
monious fashion—Latimer altering his subject on the instant that he caught sight of this unfriendly prelate, into a description of the Great Shepherd and Bishop of Souls, and a contrast therewith of those degenerate pastors, who more resembled Annas and Caiaphas than Christ. But the bishop, who was present with an invidious purpose, thanked the preacher when service was over, for his faithful discourse, and begged of him to preach, in the same place, one against Martin Luther and his doctrine. To which Latimer replied: “Sure I am that I have preached before you this day no *man’s* doctrine, but only the doctrine of *God* out of the Scriptures; and if Luther do none otherwise than I have done, there needeth no confutation of his doctrine.” “Well, well, Mr. Latimer,” said the bishop: “I perceive that you somewhat smell of the pan; you will repent this gear some day;” and from that moment became the bold preacher’s declared enemy. He interdicted Latimer from preaching in the University pulpit; but as that of the Augustine Friars was out of a bishop’s jurisdiction, and the prior sympathized with the Augustinian Luther’s novelties, Latimer found an opening still left him there for his faithful and fearless expositions of the truth. Upon this, the bishop, with the leading men of the University, drew up a catalogue of complaints to Cardinal Wolsey against Latimer, as a sower of false doctrine, and breeder of discord in Cambridge. Wolsey, with all his faults, was no bigot; a clever, unprincipled, worldly man, who, if his interests had leaned towards the Reformation, would have forwarded it with all his might;—he summoned Latimer, with two of his chief accusers before him. At that interview, our fearless preacher acquitted himself so well on the score of scholarship, and acquaintance with the doctrines of the Church, that, turning to his accusers, the cardinal said: “What mean you, my masters, to bring such a man before me into accusation? I thought he had been some light-headed fellow, that never studied such kind of doctrine, as the school

authors are." After which, and more of friendly colloquy, Wolsey dismissed Latimer, with his license to preach throughout England.

This was shortly afterwards followed by a summons to deliver the Lent sermons at Windsor, before Henry VIII.; that monarch being then engaged in his project of getting rid of his first conjugal encumbrance, Catharine of Arragon. The king's zeal in gaining his unrighteous object, was quickened by the jest of Sir Thomas Wyatt, uttered in the royal presence: "Lord! what a thing is this, that a man can't repent of his sin, without the Pope's leave!" The state of feeling in the monarch's bosom was favourable to his taking Latimer under his patronage, who evidently cared, by common report, as little for the Pope as did Henry himself. The University probably displayed little readiness to comply with Henry's wishes for their decision and counsel in his favour, hence his taking a man by the hand whom the authorities of that place discountenanced as decidedly as they dared, and his relish in snubbing Mr. Vice-Chancellor. When that functionary was present at the court sermon, on the second Sunday in Lent, 1530, the self-willed monarch extravagantly praised Latimer's discourse, and added, "This greatly displeaseth Mr. Vice-Chancellor yonder," aiming his remark direct at the learned vice.

But the smiles of royalty, just as little as the frowns of pedantry or prelacy, could warp the honest Hugh from his straightforward course. This is shown in the magnificent remonstrance, addressed by him to Henry, in the shape of a letter, dated the 1st of December, in the same year, on occasion of the royal proclamation just published against heretical books, thereamong including the New Testament in the vulgar tongue. A sentence or two will show its spirit: denouncing the conduct of those who advised his majesty to oppose the circulation of such works, he says:—

"They will as much as in them lyeth, debar, not onely the Word of God, which David calleth *a light to direct and shew every man how to order his affections and lusts* according to the commandments of God; but also by their subtle wyliness, they instruct, move, and provoke, in a manner, all kings in Christendom, to ayde, succoure, and helpe them in this their mischiefe; and especiallie in this your realme, they have sore blinded your liege people and subjects with their lawes, customes, ceremonies, and Banbery glosses; and punished them with cursings, excommunications, and other corruptions (corrections, I would say), and now, at the last, when they see that they cannot prevail against the open truth (which, the more it is persecuted, the more increaseth by their tyrannie), they have made it treason to your noble grace to have the Scripture in English."

We need go no further to ascertain on which side the sympathies and convictions of the writer lay. He was now a man of mature age, fifty, had made up his mind beyond the possibility of recantation, and could do nothing "against the truth, but for the truth." Although his prospects at court were most promising, Latimer retired to a country living at West Kingston, in Wiltshire, to which he was now presented, therein holding light the advice of courtier friends, who counselled him to stay; but Latimer had no ambition, as his after career proved, and his conscience would not permit him to hold a benefice without performing its duties.

Latimer's fame as a diligent preacher extended far and wide in the west country, and brought him an invitation to preach before the mayor and corporation of Bristol, at Easter, a popularity which excited the malice of one Hubberdine, and another friar, to such a degree, that they obtained an inhibition against all who would officiate without a special license. They contrived also that the obnoxious person against whom it was aimed should be summoned before the archbishop of Canterbury, to answer for his misdeeds, although he appealed to be heard before his own diocesan, the bishop of Salisbury. But the inquisition in London, which occurred in 1531—2, issued in his quiet dismissal to resume the functions of his country cure. In 1535, the see of Worcester becoming vacant, it was conferred on Latimer, through the good offices of Queen Anne Boleyn, and other friends of his at court. In 1536, the new-made bishop addressed convocation in a Latin sermon, which was afterwards translated and published in English. From this time we hear nothing particular of the prelate, till we find him preaching before the court in 1539, at the conclusion of which discourse, he was accused of having preached a seditious sermon—any sermon being so understood which simply dared to enforce the duty of sovereigns to their subjects. On the king asking "What say you to that, sir?" Latimer replied, fearing no earthly monarch, yet rendering to Henry the respect due to his dignity:—

"I never thought myself worthy, nor I ever sued to be a preacher before your grace; but I was called to it, and would be willing, if you mislike me, to give place to my betters; for I grant there be a great many more worthy of the room than I am; and if it be your grace's pleasure so to allow them for preachers, I would be content to bear their books after them: but if your grace allow me for a preacher, I would desire your grace to give me leave to discharge my conscience; give me leave to frame my doctrine according to my audience. I had been a very dolt to have preached so at the borders of your realm, as I preach before your grace."

So little was the good, honest man disposed to veil under a bushel the light he designed to flash into the consciences of men, that on a certain New Year's day, his only gift to his burly majesty was one that might fairly have given offence, if the Christian zeal that prompted the act did not plead its excuse. The bishop presented Henry VIII. with a New Testament, the leaf of which was folded down over the passage which ran: "Whoremongers and adulterers God will judge." But though the king was personally partial and indulgent to Latimer, the bishop himself, like the prophet of the wilderness, had no relish for the soft raiment of kings' houses, and their ceremonious ways. Just four years after his investiture, he took occasion of the infamous act of Six Articles, which he could never sanction or enforce, to shake himself rid of his episcopal fetters; declaring, as he jumped up, after doffing his rochet and lawn, "that he was now rid of a great burden, and had never found his shoulders so light before."

On his return to the country, he shortly afterwards met with an accident from the falling of a tree, which obliged him to go to London for surgical treatment. When there, on the plea of contumacious rejection of the Six Articles, he was apprehended, and committed to the Tower, where he lay in a state of great misery and neglect for six years, till the accession of Edward VI. He was then released, treated with distinction, and solicited to resume his functions as bishop of Worcester; but he steadily declined. Preaching, and not intriguing or governing, was his proper function; and to this he devoted himself with all the ardour of youth, and all the fidelity of an apostle. Although he was now so aged, he preached usually twice on Sundays; and it was his ordinary practice to rise at two o'clock in the morning, winter and summer, in order to pursue his studies. Some of the most racy and telling of his discourses were delivered in the presence of the youthful monarch, with an effect too beneficial to be questioned. The celebrated martyr, John Bradford, was converted under his faithful ministry. Latimer contributed largely to the "Book of Homilies," where the same passages are frequently found to occur, which appear in his printed sermons.

But darker days came. The sun of the Sixth Edward set. It needed the pruning process of Mary's reign to clear Protestantism of many a wilding of Popish growth, that would have continued otherwise to disfigure the garden of the Lord. But while it tended to purify the creed, the process was destructive both to the lives and goods of Protestants. And among the first sufferers was Latimer, overtaken near Coventry by a citation of the Privy Council, in 1553, when

he was engaged in his usual employment of preaching. He had several hours' intimation of his danger, during which he might have escaped; he was merely cited, not arrested; but, instead of fleeing abroad, as, perhaps, his very summoners desired, he rendered himself forthwith to the metropolis, and underwent examination, whence he was remitted to his old quarters, the Tower. Here the poor old man was treated with great brutality; for he was kept in winter without fire, till he was well nigh famished; whereon he said to the lieutenant of the Tower: "You look, I think, that I should burn; but except you let me have some fire, I am like to deceive your expectation, for I am like here to starve for cold." But even the extreme sorrows of his imprisonment were mitigated by the fellowship in sufferings of Cranmer, Ridley, and Bradford, who were confined in the same apartment with himself. That Latimer felt their society rich consolation his own words testify: "The same tower being full of other prisoners, we four were thrust into one chamber, as men not to be accounted of; but God be thanked! to our great joy and comfort, there did we together read over the New Testament with great deliberation and painful study." If these four witnesses for the truth were compared to the Evangelists, whose society lightened the bonds of their prison-house, we could not hesitate to class old Latimer with the picturesque and fervid Mark; making the grave and wise Ridley, Luke; Cranmer, Matthew; and the holy Bradford, John. Previously to this, Latimer had written to Ridley, as if in anticipation of their martyrdom:—

"All our ability, all our sufficiency is of God. He requireth and promiseth. Let us declare our obedience to his will, when it shall be requisite, in the time of trouble, yea, in the midst of the fire. When that number is fulfilled, which I ween shall be shortly, then have at the Papists; when they shall say 'Peace, all things are safe,' then Christ shall come to keep his great parliament, to the redress of all things that he sees amiss. But he shall not come as the Papists fain him, to hide himself, and to play bo-peep, as it were, under a piece of bread, but he shall come gloriously, to the terror and fear of all Papists; but to the great consolation and comfort of all that will here suffer for him. Comfort yourselves, one another, with these words."

The painful durance of the Tower was exchanged in April, 1554, for scenes scarcely less painful, at Oxford, in the enforced disputations into which the Reformers entered with some picked men of the Popish party—the cream of Oxford and Cambridge, at least fifteen learned doctors on that side, being selected to extinguish the Protestant divines.

After Ridley and Cranmer had been sufficiently baited with taunts, and worried with syllogisms of which the weakness and folly were as irritating as their falsehood, Foxe tells us they fell upon old Latimer. "There replied unto him Mr. Smith of Oriel College, Dr. Cartwright, Mr. Harpsfield; and divers others had snatches at him, and gave him bitter taunts. He escaped no hissings, and scornful laughings, no more than they that went before him. He was very faint, and desired that he might not long tarry. He durst not drink for fear of vomiting. The disputation ended before eleven of the clock." That is, the old man was subjected to their cruel inquisition for three hours. In a strain of mingled fidelity and charity, Latimer appeals to their conscience, and condemns their corruption of the doctrines of the Gospel; reminding us, in its closing words, of Luther's, "Here stand I—I can do no other—God help me."

"I hope, good masters, you will suffer an old man a little to play the child, and to speak one thing twice. O Lord God! you have changed the most holy communion into a private action; and you deny to the laity the Lord's cup, contrary to Christ's commandment; and you do blemish the annunciation of the Lord's death till he come—for you have changed the Common Prayer, called the Divine Service, with the administration of the sacraments, from the vulgar and known language, into a strange tongue, contrary to the will of the Lord revealed in his word. God open the door of your heart, to see the things you should see herein. I would as fain obey my sovereign as any in this realm, but in these things I can never do it with an upright conscience. God be merciful unto us. Amen."

After this follow a few dialogues with his opponents, in which the unseemly trifling is but upon a par with the unspiritual ignorance and coarse cruelty of the conservative party. If they cannot crush Latimer by Scripture doctrine, they hope to do so by philology and logical quibbles.

"*Dr. Weston.* Will you have all things done, that Christ did then [at the Lord's supper]? Why then the priest must be hanged on the morrow. And where find you, I pray, that a woman should receive the sacrament?"

"*Latimer.* Will you give me leave to turn my book? I find it in the eleventh chapter to the Corinthians; I trow these be the words: '*Probet autem seipsum homo,*' &c. I pray you, good master, what gender is *homo*?"

"*Dr. Weston.* Marry, the common gender.

"*Dr. Cole.* It is in the Greek  $\delta \alpha ν θ ρ ω π ο ς$ .

"*Dr. Harpsfield.* It is  $\alpha ν η ρ$ , that is *vir*.

"*Latimer.* It is in my book of Erasmus' translation, '*Probet seipsum homo.*'"

"*Dr. Feckenham.* It is *probet seipsum*, indeed, and therefore it importeth the masculine gender.

"*Latimer.* What then? I trow when the woman touched Christ, he said, '*Quis tetigit me? Scio quod alius me tetigit,*' that is, 'Who touched me? I know that some man touched me.'

"*Dr. Weston.* I will be at host with you anon. When Christ was at his supper, none were with him, but his apostles only. *Ergo*, he meant no women, if you will have his institution kept.

"*Latimer.* In the twelve apostles, was represented the whole Church, in which you will grant both men and women to be."

It is amusing to observe that the Greek original referred to by the reverend disputants above, is quoted correctly by neither, a matter of little import to their argument. One of the most ingenious of their equivoques, and which would entertain one more, if it had not been ingenuity exercised at the expense of truth, is the following:—

"*Dr. Weston.* I remember my Lord Chancellor demanded Master Hooper of these questions: Whether *edere*, to eat, were *credere*, to believe; and *altare*, an altar, were *Christus*, Christ, in all the Scripture, &c. And he answered, Yea. Then said my Lord Chancellor, Why then *Habemus altare de quo non licet edere*, i. e. *We have an altar of which it is not lawful to eat*, is much to say as, *Habemus Christum in quo non licet credere*, i. e., *We have a Christ, in whom we may not believe.*"

This, it will be owned, was sharp enough on the part of Master Stephen Gardiner. But, quick-witted as was his Grace of Winchester, in clearness of faith and precision of definition, we question if he was a match for simple, honest old Latimer. We know of nothing better than this:—

"*Latimer.* Christ gave not his *body* to be received with the mouth, but he gave *the sacrament of his body* to be received with the mouth; he gave the sacrament to the mouth, his body to the mind."

This disputation, which was in point of fact a trial, was followed by sentence of excommunication. At the close of the proceedings they were asked, "whether they would turn or no; and they bade them read on in the name of God, for they were not minded to turn. So they were condemned all three." Three prelates were afterwards appointed to give them a hearing, the bishops of Lincoln, Gloucester, and Bristol, before whom they came: Latimer bending under the weight of seventy-five years and many infirmities, a sight to awaken pity in any hearts but those of ruthless bigots. He bore a hat in his hand, a kerchief on his head, a night-cap or two over this, and a great cap, with two broad flaps, to button under the chin; an old thread frieze gown on his shoulders, girded with a penny leather girdle, to which hung, by a long string of leather, his Testament and his spectacles without a case. He was so feeble

that he could scarcely walk or stand, but he had lost none of his boldness or spirit, as the occasional laughter of the audience at his pertinent and damaging replies, proved: home-thrusts which searched the very vitals of the inflated ignorance and pretension on the bench—unpremeditated sallies which did their work of exposure as effectually as malice the most virulent and prepense. Addressing himself to the bishop of Lincoln, he said:—

“Methought your lordship brought a place out of the Scriptures to confirm the same, that there was a jurisdiction given to Peter, in that Christ bade him *regere*, govern his people. Indeed, my lord, Saint Peter did well and truly his office, in that he was bid *regere*; but since, the bishops of Rome have taken a new kind of *regere*. Indeed they ought to *regere*; but how, my lord? Not as they will themselves: but this *regere* must be hedged in and ditched in. They must *regere*, but *secundum verbum Dei*; they must rule, but according to the word of God. But the bishops of Rome have formed *regere secundum verbum Dei*, into *regere secundum voluntatem tuam*.”

But neither did reason make impression upon the judges, whose minds were made up, nor were they moved with compassion at the misery of their former associate on the bench. The contemptibleness of their powers was only equalled by the hardness of their hearts, and both are a damning evidence against a blind conservatism. The men of progress may not be always wise, but they are usually able and honest; whereas the miserable cleavers to the *status quo* find in an unreasoning conservatism a shelter for untenable claims, and a screen for palpable weakness. How unfairly it can treat its opponents hear Master Latimer say:—

“Lo, you look for learning at my hands, which have gone so long to the school of oblivion, making the bare walls my library, keeping me so long in prison without book, or pen, or ink, and now you let me loose to come and answer to articles. You deal with me as though two men were appointed to fight for life and death, and overnight the one through friends and favour is cherished, and hath good counsel given him how to encounter with the enemy; the other, for envy or lack of friends, all the whole night is set in the stocks. In the morning, when they shall meet, the one is in strength and lusty, the other is stark of his limbs, and almost dead for feebleness. Think you, that to run through this man with a spear is not a goodly victory?”

The same iniquity governed another part of the procedure, keeping the letter which kills, and neglecting the spirit which giveth life. On his asking leave to declare in three words why he rejected the authority of the Pope, the bishop of Lincoln

said to Latimer: "To-morrow you shall have license to speak forty words." When the morrow came, and Ridley was bade by this inquisitorial prelate to use his license, the bishop of Lincoln counted the words upon his fingers. Before Ridley had finished half a sentence, the doctors cried, that his number was out, and the defence on earth was thus intercepted, but only to transfer it to a more august tribunal, and a more exalted judge—the great assize of Christ at the last day. "Shall not God avenge his own elect, which cry day and night unto him: though he bear long with them?" Yea, saith Christ, "I tell you, that he will avenge them speedily."

It was about this juncture, that Latimer penned that most pathetic of epistles, "to all the unfeigned lovers of God's truth, out of a prison in Oxford, called Bocardo;" which one can scarcely read without tears of admiration for the constancy and singular talent of the man "imprisoned for the testimony of Christ," and ready to die rather than "play wilily," as "they do that go to mass," being only outward conformists, and "very dissimulators."

"Brethren, the time is come, when the Lord's ground will be known: I mean, it will now appear who hath received God's word in their hearts indeed, to the taking of good root therein. For such will not shrink for a little heat or sun-burning weather; but stoutly stand and grow, even maugre the malice of all burning showers and tempests. For he that hath played the wise builder, and laid his foundation on a rock, will not be afraid that every drizzling rain or mist shall hurt his buildings, but will stand, although a great tempest do come, and drops of rain as big as fir-faggots. But they that have builded upon a sand will be afraid (though they see but a cloud arise, a little black, and no rain or wind doth once touch them; no, not so much as to lie one week in prison), to trust God with their lives which gave them. For they have forgot what St. Paul saith: 'If we die we are the Lord's, and if we live we are the Lord's: so that whether we live or die we are the Lord's.' Yet we will not put him in trust with his own.

"And forasmuch, my dearly beloved brethren and sisters in the Lord, as I am persuaded of you that you be in the number of the wise builders, which have made their foundation sure, by faith upon the infallible word of God's truth, and will now bring forth the fruits to God's glory after your vocation, as occasion shall be offered, although the sun burn never so hot, nor the weather be never so foul: wherefore I cannot but signify unto every one of you, to go forward accordingly after your master Christ; not sticking at the foul way and stormy weather, which you are come unto, or are likely to come: of this being most certain, that the end of your sorrow shall be pleasant and joyful, in such a perpetual rest and blissfulness as cannot but swallow up the storms which both you and they now feel, and are like to feel at the hands of those sacrificing prelates.

“ Besides this, set before you also, though the weather be stormy and foul, yet strive to go apace, for you go not alone : many other of your brethren and sisters pass by the same path, as St. Peter saith, and telleth us, that company might cause you to be the more courageous and cheerful : but if you had no company at all to go presently with you, stick not to go still forward. I pray you, tell me, if any from the beginning, yea, the best of God's friends, have found any fairer way or weather to the place whither we are going (I mean heaven), than we now find or are like to find. Except ye will with the worldlings, which have their part and portion in this life, tarry still by the way till the storms be overpast ; and then either night will approach that ye cannot travel, or else the doors will be shut up that ye cannot go in, and so, without, ye shall have wonderful evil lodgings ; I mean, in a bed of fire and brimstone, where the worm dieth not, and the fire goeth not out.

“ Read from the first of Genesis to the Apocalypse, begin at Abel and so to Noah, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, the patriarchs ; Moses, David, and the saints in the Old Testament : and tell me whether any of them find any fairer ways than we now find. If the Old will not serve, I pray you come to the New, and begin with Mary and Joseph ; and come from thence to Zachariah, Elizabeth, John the Baptist, Stephen, James, Peter, and Paul, and every one of the apostles and evangelists : and see whether any of them all found any other way unto the city, whereunto we travel, than by many tribulations. Besides this, if you should call to remembrance the primitive Church (Lord God !), we should see many that have given cheerfully their bodies to most grievous torments, rather than they would be stopped in their journey. There was no day scarce in the year but, I dare say, a thousand was the fewest that with joy left their houses and lives here ; but in the city that they went unto, they found another manner of dwellings than many minds be able to conceive. Yet if none of these were, if you had no company to go with you, yet have you me, your poorest brother and bondman in the Lord, with many other, I trust, in God. But if ye had none other of the fathers, patriarchs, good kings, prophets, apostles, evangelists, martyrs, holy saints, and children of God, which in their journey to heaven found that you are likely to find (if you go on forwards, as I trust you will), yet you have your general, captain, and master, Christ Jesus, the dear, darling, and only-begotten and beloved Son of God, in whom was all the Father's joy and delectation ; ye have him to go before you ; no fairer was his way than ours, but much worse and fouler, towards his city of the heavenly Jerusalem. Let us remember what manner of way Christ found : begin at his birth, and go forth until ye come at his burial, and you shall find that every step of his journey was a thousand times worse than yours is. For he had laid upon him, at one time, the devil, death, and sin, and with one sacrifice, never again to be done, he overcame them all. Wherefore, my dear beloved, be not so dainty to look to have at the Lord's hands, your dear Father, that which the patriarchs, prophets,

and evangelists, martyrs and saints, yea, and his own Son Jesus Christ, did not find.

"Hitherto ye have found fairer weather and fairer way too, I trow; but because we have loitered by the way, and not made the speed that we should have done, our loving Father and heavenly Lord hath overcast the weather, and hath stirred up storms and tempests, that we might the more speedily run out the race before night come, and before the doors be barred up. Now, the devil and his ostlers and tapsters stand in every inn-door, in city and country of this world, crying unto us, 'Come in, and lodge here; for here is Christ, and there is Christ; therefore, tarry with us until the storm be overpast.' Not that they would not have us wet to the skin, but that the time might be overpast, to our utter destruction. Therefore, beware of his enticements."

All this is intensely pathetic, but it is also beautifully picturesque; not the laborious picturesque of the studio, but that native grace, beyond the reach of art, which visits the pencil at rare times of inspiration, when the projection and delineation of truth are the object of some favoured son of genius. It would appeal on both grounds, that of pathos and picture, to the suffering people of God addressed, while its homely but most appropriate figure at the close, was in consistent harmony with that style of every-day illustration so habitually indulged in by the preacher of the people. It is a scene from a Pilgrim's Progress, that ante-dated Bunyan's by a hundred years. Christian is upon his way to the celestial city, running for the dear life, and the devil, a burly vintner, with his ostlers and tapsters, at many an inn, invite him to delay his journey, and refresh his weariness. We can fancy a Retzch-like presentation of the scene, wherein, with a Mephistophelean leer, the infernal innkeeper should make way into his hostel for those that accept his invitation, while he should gnash his teeth in unavailing spite against those faithful souls, who, though fainting beneath their burden, still press on regardless of his proffered hospitalities. But we must not lose sight of the martyr himself, in the last eventful scene it is not our purpose to dwell. It is too painful for repetition, and the record of these murdered men is on high; although we will say thus much of their monumental memorial in Oxford, that no structure in that city of collegiate palaces so well becomes its site as the Monument of the Martyrs. The town ditch opposite Balliol College was the spot chosen for their translation, in a chariot of fire and flame, to heaven. Ridley and Latimer were chained to the same stake: "lovely and pleasant were they in their lives, and in their death they were not divided." Ridley espying Latimer with a wondrous

cheerful look, embraced and kissed him, saying, "Be of good heart, brother, for God will either assuage the fury of the flame, or else strengthen us to abide it." And Latimer, the venerable pilgrim, "a withered and crooked silly old man," as Foxe hath it, replied, "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out." That worthy death threw such a flood of light upon Protestant doctrine, that ere the ashes of the funeral pile were cold, Mr. Julius Palmer, Fellow of Magdalen, a most rigid Papist hitherto, who would have gone to the stake before for the sake of Popery, renounced everything for the faith of the Reformers, and, ere long, sealed his testimony with his blood. The light of the same pyre shone as far as Spain, for the native author of the "*Historia Pontificalis*," records with regret, "that our Catholic princes, out of the great affection which they had for England, sent thither many learned men and preachers, hoping, by their eloquence, to have converted those that were in error; but such was their misfortune, that instead of reaping fruit by their diligence, the preachers who were thus commissioned to give light to others, returned home blind themselves."

But many were faithful unto death, whose martyrdom alone has proved their fame, whereas Latimer achieved a reputation independent of his fiery *euthanasia*. He was learned, yet many too could emulate his acquirements as a scholar, perhaps some exceed him; but as a preacher he stood alone, upon an elevation which none of his contemporaries could even pretend to reach. There were grave divines and eloquent in his day, as in all days, men gifted with a copious oratory, and built up with acquisitions intellectual and spiritual to sustain its flow,—but there was none then in popular approval, and probably there have been very few since then, possessed of his peculiar aptitudes to interest, and charm, and instruct. The perfection of preaching certainly is the most exact imitation of good conversation, carried on in monologue. But a good talker is the *rara avis* of society: such a phenomenon does not appear once in ten generations. Drolls, and mimics, and *discours des mots*, may be encountered in any circle you please—but such a combination of rare qualities must enter into our idea of a good talker, as will not once in a lifetime be submitted to our admiration. No name occurs to us just now of the character we mean nearer than Socrates, the Greek sage, as depicted by Xenophon; and after him, in time only, for a superhuman "grace" was upon His lips, that forbids comparison with the sons of men, the holy One of Nazareth, whose conversation (and his preaching was a faithful reflex of his conversation)

was of that commingled kind, familiar, profound, full of human interest yet savouring of Divine wisdom, tender even to tears, yet stern to denunciation, which none could sleep under, none could sin under, none could trifle under. Some of the few noted preachers in the middle ages, whose traditional fame has come down to our own days, especially the French Menots and Maillards, would seem to claim this character, if their drollery did not degenerate to farce, and their simplicity to coarseness. Swift, Sterne, and South, come the nearest amongst our own countrymen to our image of what the popular preacher would be, if all these had had spontaneity and naturalness, and were men of the tongue rather than of the pen; if further, Swift had been possessed of tenderness, Sterne of purity, and South of reverence. But all these best qualities seem to have met in the *quondam* Ordinary of Worcester—the tenderness of a mother, the purity of a maiden, the reverence of a child, combined with the practical wisdom of the sage, and the courage of a hero. These were, moreover, commended to the popular regard by a shrewd, frank humour, that savoured of his yeoman birth, and told of democratic leanings and likings, tastes and talents, that claimed kindred with the people whom he addressed, and were quickened by the pulse of a common humanity. There was a prevailing strain of homeliness and simplicity, accompanied with a directness of address, which kept attention alive, and rendered evasion of self-application difficult. A thread of humour and wit, like a golden skein, pervaded the texture of the discourse, while the most unexpected turns, and quaint expressions, and telling anecdotes, added to the vivacity of the preacher's style. Like most men possessed of genuine humour, he indulged in a vein of irony which we of the present day should think scarcely compatible with the dignity of the pulpit; but it was the nature of the man, and could no more be separated from his genius than his genius from himself: it is, however, counterbalanced by passages of such earnestness and pathos, and by so devout a gravity of manner habitually characteristic of his bearing, that what might seem faulty in others was an added charm in him, like the black patch of the last century setting off a fair face. His irony and sarcasm were loudly called for by the faults of the times, and interchanged with plain and downright denunciations of every abuse and sin. And as his preaching smirched the reputations of the highest quite as freely as of the lowest classes, and as he spared no transgression for the dignity of the transgressor, the people liked him all the more, and followed him the more eagerly for the democratic impartiality of his rebukes. He shot his bolt with as much direct-

ness at the prince, the courtier, the magistrate, as at the paltry packman, and stolid tiller of the soil; and brought down the peers of the realm with his "Thou art the man," just as often as the clownish commons that grinned at his stern pleasantries. His diction is simple and idiomatic to the highest degree, characterized everywhere by that *sermo pedestris* which is most easily "understood of the common people." The dialect resembles the authorized translation of the Holy Scriptures, and is so beautifully and entirely English, that scarcely a word in a dozen sermons is found to have become obsolete, or to need a glossary. Hence Latimer can be read with perfect intelligence and great enjoyment at the present day. We observe in his pages a very early authority for the use of the word "party," to signify "person"—a use justly stigmatized by modern taste as savouring of ignorance and vulgarity. In the Letter V. given in his "Remains," Latimer says to Hubbardine:—"In St. Paul's time, when there was no writers upon the New Testament, but that the plain story was then newly put forth, were there not more converted by (I dare boldly say) two *parties*, than there be at this hour, I will not say Christian men, but that profess the name of Christ?" This may possibly mean *parts* or portions of Holy Scripture—we suggest the alternative—but rather seems to point to the labours of Peter and Paul.

As curious will be found the correspondence between the faults and affectations of that period, and those of our own times. Who has not heard of the clerical sore throat, to which it is hinted that divines marrying rich wives are more subject than others? We find its counterpart in the following of a contemporary in the sixteenth century, denouncing a lazy cardinal:—

"He is a brave fellow indeed, albeit he never cometh to the pulpit. His apparel is gay and costly, and he hath a comely body, and a fair complexion. But surely he hath such an impediment (which they vulgarly call the cramp) in his feet, that he is not able to go up or ascend to the pulpit; and he hath such an ache in his back, that he may not be carried to the pulpit without intolerable pain. Therefore, by reason of the cramp of slothfulness, and the ache of insufficiency, he hateth the pulpit as much as the mouse abhorreth the sight of the cat!"

Our next conformity will relate to that devil's dust or shoddy, which is the opprobrium of our manufactures, and the ruin of our commerce, wheresoever our fraudulent dealing is detected. The actual article and imposition is at least three hundred years old, for Latimer describes the process of manipulation in his Third Sermon before the king:—

"I hear say, that there is a certain cunning come up in mixing of wares. How say you, were it no wonder to hear that cloth-makers should become poticaries? . . . If his cloth be eighteen yards long, he will set him on a rack, and stretch him out with ropes, and rack him till the sinews shrink again, while he hath brought him to twenty-seven yards. When they have brought him to that perfection, they have a pretty feat to thicken him again. He makes me a powder for it, and plays the poticary; they call it flock-powder; they do so incorporate it to the cloth, that it is wonderful to consider: truly a good invention. Oh that so goodly wits should be so ill applied! They may well deceive the people, but they cannot deceive God. They were wont to make beds of flocks, and it was a good bed too. Now they have turned their flocks into powder, to play the false thieves with it. O wicked devil, what can he not invent to blaspheme God's word? These mixtures come of covetousness. They are plain theft. Wo worth that these flocks should so slander the word of God; as he (Isaiah) said to the Jews: '*Thy wine is mingled with water*,' so might he have said to us of this land, '*Thy cloth is mingled with flock powder*.'"

In such notices of the reigning customs, and arraignment of the prevalent vices, our author abounds, and to the pages of this racy divine would we lead our readers to learn the manners of the Reformation time, rather than to the historians who professedly treat of that period, or to the antiquaries who drag its curious usages to light. The works of this distinguished prelate are a repertory whence many an illustration of the contemporary annals and literature might be drawn. For example, we may urge that the Charlcote Lucys, immortalized by Shakspeare, figure more than once in his Correspondence.

Latimer's notion of law and lawyers is intensely plebeian. He loves a skit at the whole tribe; they are all vile—they are altogether gone astray, there is none that doeth good among them—no, not one. Such is the yeoman bishop's creed, frankly expressed on all occasions. Speaking of the assize, he quotes:—

"Where, as men be friended,  
So (they say) things be ended."

Again, on the same subject: "Let justice proceed in judgment; and then and there, do best, have best, for club-halfpenny." Again:

"Wo worth these gifts; they subvert justice everywhere. They follow bribes. Somewhat was given to them before, and they must needs give somewhat again: for Giffe-gaffe was a good fellow; this Giffe-gaffe led them clean from justice." "A good fellow on a time bade another of his friends to a breakfast, and said, 'If you will come you shall be welcome; but I tell you beforehand, you shall have but

slender fare, one dish, and that is all.' 'What is that?' said he. 'A pudding, and nothing else.' 'Marry,' said he, you cannot please me better; of all meats that is for mine own tooth; you may draw me round about the town with a pudding.' These bribing magistrates and judges follow gifts faster than the fellow would follow the pudding."

Bribing between judge and client he calls, on another occasion, "the walking of angels [the coin so called] between them." The evil must have been notorious, when he could speak thus of it before his majesty:—

"Cambyses was a great emperor, such another as our master is; he had many lord deputies, lord presidents, and lieutenants, under him. It is a great while ago since I read the history. It chanced he had under him, in one of his dominions, a briber, a gift-taker, a gratifier of rich men; he followed gifts as fast as he that followed the pudding, a handmaker in his office, to make his son a great man; as the old saying is, '*Happy is the child whose father goeth to the devil.*' The cry of the poor widow came to the emperor's ear, and caused him to play the judge quick, and laid his skin in the chair of judgment, that all judges that should give judgment afterward, should sit in the same skin. Surely it was a goodly sign, a goodly monument, the sign of the judge's skin. I pray God, we may once see the sign of the skin in England!"

An invincible sense of drollery is mixed up with our impressions of Latimer, yet not the drollery of a South, pun-like, pungent, and tipped with poison, somewhat irreverent withal, but the honest merriment of a homely nature, which is consistent with the utmost good humour and earnestness. His shafts of satire were meant to wound, but there was no rankling barb attached to give gratuitous pain to the sufferer, or fester the victim into death; he drew blood like a skilful leech, only with a view to future health. His stories, wherewith he interspersed his discourses, are of a droll effect, and the frank and random expressions that fell from his own lips, sometimes in the heat of opposition, but always in the heartiness and uprightness of his own soul, provoke the smile of approval or surprise,—sometimes a burst of unrepressed laughter. One cannot help smiling, for instance, when on occasion of his being reprov'd for his morning sermon before the king, because he told the monarch his duty, he should quote the prophet in the afternoon as, "Isaiah, that seditious fellow."

The four distinct passages of the mass—consecration, transubstantiation, oblation, and adoration—he calls, "the four marrow-bones of the mass." And says of the priests, "If they had a nail driven through one of their ears, every time they offer, as Christ had four driven through his hands and feet, they would soon leave offering. Yet, if their offering did not bring

gains withal, it should not be so often done. For they say, no penny, no paternoster." Writing of a certain monk of Hales who intruded his traditionary lore in a sermon in Latimer's diocese, he styles the reverend friar, "wilfully witted, Duns-ly learned, More-ly affected," after Duns, the schoolman, and More, the anti-reforming chancellor. To Cromwell, the lord privy seal, he writes: "I send you a *bullock*, which I did find amongst my bulls; that you may see how closely, in time past, the foreign prelates did practise about their prey." That is some inefficient Pope's bull out of the muniment chest of his diocese. The bishop's idea of monks was not flattering: "I fear they be exempt from the flock of Christ—*very true monks*; that is to say, pseudo-prophets and false Christian men, perverters of Scripture, sly, wily, disobedientaries to all good orders, ever starting up, as they dare, to do hurt." To the same right honourable personage, the bishop recommends the destruction of the wonder-working image of Our Lady at Worcester, in these words, together with certain of her idol sisterhood; the gist of the joke, in the case of the former, being, that when my lady's robes were taken off, the image was found to be a statue of some burly bishop of former times. No doubt it passed muster as well as Jupiter of the Capitol for Peter at Rome. "I trust your lordship will bestow our great sibyl to some good purpose, *ut pereat memoria cum sonitu*. She hath been the devil's instrument to bring many, I fear, to eternal fire: now she herself, with her old sister of Walsingham, her young sister of Ipswich, with their other two sisters of Doncaster and Penrice, would make a jolly muster in Smithfield." Rejoicing afterwards in the demolition of the image, he indulges in this innocent pun respecting his good people of Worcester: "By reason of their lady they have been given to much idleness; but now that she is gone, they be turned to laboriousness, and so from ladyness to godliness." In a letter to Morice, afterwards secretary to Archbishop Cranmer, he indulges in an elaborate joke against purgatory, which displays considerable ingenuity, and a cordial disbelief of its fabled fires. It is too long for extract, as it enumerates twenty-three reasons for preferring the prison of purgatory to that in "Lollard's Tower," called "the bishop's prison," but a sample may be given. His first reason is, that in the latter "I might die bodily for lack of meat and drink, in that I could not." Again: "in this I might be without surety of salvation, in that I could not." "In this I might be craftily handled, in that I could not." "In this my lord and his chaplains might manacle me by night, in that they could not." "In this they might strangle me, and say, that I hanged myself, in that they could not." The

conclusion of the whole being greatly in favour of purgatory : "If the bishop's two fingers can shake away a good part ; if a friar's cowl, or the Pope's pardon, or *scala cæli* of a groat, can dispatch for altogether, it is not so greatly to be cared for." But, jocose and familiar as Latimer was used to be, there was much fathered upon him of pulpit eccentricity and extravagance, in which he had never indulged ; and one of those cases he himself reproves in his "Sermon on the Plough ; or, the Spiritual Sower." The preacher apologizes for the homeliness of his illustrations, taken from the offices of husbandry :—

"Preaching of the gospel is one of God's plough-works, and the preacher is one of God's ploughmen. Ye may not be offended with my similitude, in that I compare preaching to the labour and work of ploughing, and the preacher to a ploughman ; ye may not be offended with this my similitude, for I have been slandered of some persons for such things. It hath been said of me, 'Oh, Latimer, nay, as for him, I will never believe him while I live, nor never trust him, for he likened our blessed Lady to a saffron-bag ; where indeed I never used that similitude. . . . But in case I had used this similitude, it had not been to be reprovèd, but might have been without reproach. For I might have said thus : As the saffron-bag that hath been full of saffron, or hath had saffron in it, doth ever after savour and smell of the sweet saffron that it contained ; so, our blessed Lady, which conceived and bare Christ in her womb, did ever after resemble the manners and virtues of that precious babe that she bare. And what had our blessed Lady been the worse for this ? or what dishonour was this to our blessed Lady ? But as preachers must be wary and circumspect, that they give not any just occasion to be slandered and ill-spoken of by the hearers, so must not the auditors be offended without cause. For *heaven* is in the gospel likened to a *mustard seed* ; it is compared also to a piece of *leaven* ; and, as Christ saith, that at the last day *he* will come *like a thief* ; and what dishonour is this to God ? Or what derogation is this to heaven ? Ye may not then, I say, be offended with my similitude, for because I liken preaching to a ploughman's labour, and a prelate to a ploughman. But now you will ask me, whom I call a prelate ? A prelate is that man, whatsoever he be, that hath a flock to be taught of him ; whosoever hath any spiritual charge in the faithful congregation, and whosoever he be that hath care of souls. And well may the preacher and the ploughman be likened together. First, for their labour of all seasons of the year ; for there is no time of the year in which the ploughman hath not some special work to do. As in my country, in Leicestershire, the ploughman hath a time to set forth and to assay his plough, and other times for other necessary works to be done. And then they also may be likened together for the diversity of works, and variety of offices that they have to do. For as the ploughman first setteth forth his plough, and then tilleth his land, and breaketh it in furrows, and sometime ridgeth it up again,

and at another time harroweth it, and clotteth it [breaks the clods], and sometime dungeth it, and hedgeth it, diggeth it, and weedeth it, purgeth, and maketh it clean; so the prelate, the preacher hath many diverse offices to do. He hath, first, a busy work to bring his parishioners to a right faith, as Paul calleth it; and not a swerving faith, but to a faith that embraceth Christ, and trusteth to his merits; a lively faith, a justifying faith, a faith that maketh a man righteous, without respect of works; as ye have it very well declared and set forth in the Homily. He hath then a busy work, I say, to bring his flock to a right faith, and then to confirm them in the same faith. Now, casting them down with the law, and with threatenings of God for sin; now ridging them up again with the Gospel, and with the promises of God's favour. Now weeding them, by telling them their faults, and making them forsake sin. Now clotting them, by breaking their stony hearts, and by making them supple-hearted, and making them to have hearts of flesh—that is, soft hearts, and apt for doctrine to enter in. Now teaching to know God rightly, and to know their duty to God and their neighbours. Now exhorting them when they know their duty, that they do it, and be diligent in it, so that they have a continual work to do. Great is their business, and therefore great should be their hire. They have great labours, and therefore they ought to have good livings, that they may commodiously feed their flock, for the preaching of the word of God unto the people is called meat: Scripture calleth it *meat*, not *strawberries*, that come but once a year, and tarry not long, but are soon gone; but it is meat, it is no dainties. The people must have meat that must be familiar and continual, and daily given unto them to feed upon. Many make a strawberry of it, ministering it but once a year; but such do not the office of good prelates."

This extract is long, but racy of the man; his *strawberry preachers*, gentlemen who visited their flocks only once a year, and gave them a dainty dish on that one occasion, instead of wholesome diet all the year round, must have tickled the ears of the groundlings prodigiously, while his allusion to the occupations of the husbandman in his native county, would win their regard, as claiming kindred with the class to whom his hearers would ever mainly belong.

In his Fifth Sermon before King Edward, Latimer tells a good story of the means whereby benefices were had of the patrons in those days; but the purpose wherewith he cites it is a very solemn and denunciatory one:—

"Patrons be charged to see the office done, and not to seek a lucre and a gain by their patronship. There was a patron in England, when it was that he had a benefice fallen into his hand; and a good brother of mine came unto him, and brought him thirty apples in a dish, and gave them his man to carry them to his master. It is like he gave one to his man for his labour, to make up the game, and so there was the thirty-one. This man cometh to his

master, and presented him with the dish of apples, saying, 'Sir, such a man hath sent you a dish of fruit, and desireth you to be good unto him for such a benefice.' 'Tush, tush,' quoth he, 'this is no apple matter; I will have none of his apples; I have as good as these, or as he hath any, in mine own orchard.' The man came to the priest again, and told him what his master said. 'Then,' quoth the priest, 'desire him yet to prove one of them for my sake; he shall find them much better than they look for.' He cut one of them, and found ten pieces of gold in it. 'Marry,' quoth he, 'this is a good apple.' The priest standing not far off, hearing what the gentleman said, cried out and answered, 'They are all one apple, I warrant you, sir; they grew all on one tree, and have all one taste.' 'Well, he is a good fellow; let him have it,' quoth the patron. 'Get you a graft of this tree, and I warrant you it will stand you in better stead than all St. Paul's learning.' Well; let patrons take heed, for they shall answer for all the souls that perish through their default. These sellers of offices show that they believe there is neither hell nor heaven; it is taken for a laughing matter."

We scarcely know where to look for a companion picture to the following, for free and vigorous handling, for the exhibition of powerful ability, and genuine talent. There are very few passages in the wide circle of English literature which excel it, on purely artistic grounds, while, in adaptation to its end, it is inimitable. We may style it

#### THE INDEFATIGABLE PRELATE.

"And now I would ask a strange question: who is the most diligentest bishop and prelate in all England, that passeth all the rest in doing his office? I can tell, for I know him who it is; I know him well. But now I think I see you listening and hearkening that I should name him. There is one that passeth all the others, and is the most diligent prelate and preacher in all England. And will ye know who it is? I will tell you: it is the devil! He is the most diligent preacher of all others; he is never out of his diocese; he is never from his cure; ye shall never find him unoccupied; he is ever in his parish; he keepeth residence at all times; ye shall never find him out of the way, call for him when you will, he is ever at home; the diligentest preacher in all the realm; he is ever at his plough; no lording nor loitering can hinder him; he is ever applying his business, ye shall never find him idle, I warrant you. And his office is to hinder religion, to maintain superstition, to set up idolatry, to teach all kind of Popery. He is ready as can be wished for to set forth his plough; to devise as many ways as can be to deface and obscure God's glory. Where the devil is resident, and hath his plough going, there away with books, and up with candles, away with Bibles, and up with beads; away with the light of the Gospel, and up with the light of candles, yea, at noon-days. Where the devil is resident, that he may prevail, up with all superstition and idolatry: censing, painting of images, candles, palms,

ashes, holy water, and new service, of men's inventing; as though man could invent a better way to honour God with, than God himself hath appointed. Down with Christ's cross, up with purgatory pickpurse; up with him, the Popish purgatory, I mean. Away with clothing the naked, the poor, and impotent, up with decking of images, and gay garnishing of stocks and stones; up with man's tradition and his laws, down with God's traditions and his most holy word. Down with the old honour due to God, and up with the new god's honour. Let all things be done in Latin; there must be nothing but Latin, not so much as '*Memento, homo quod cinis es, et in cinerem reverteris*' (Remember, man, that thou art ashes, and into ashes shalt thou return), which be the words that the minister speaketh unto the ignorant people, when he giveth them ashes upon Ash-Wednesday; but it must be spoken in Latin. God's word may in no wise be translated into English.

"Oh! that our prelates would be as diligent to sow the corn of good doctrine, as Satan is to sow cockle and darnel! And this is the devilish ploughing, the which worketh to have things in Latin, and letteth the fruitful edification. But here, some man will say to me: What, sir, are ye so privy of the devil's counsel, that ye know all this to be true? Truly, I know him too well; and have obeyed him a little too much in condescending to some follies; and I know him as other men do, yea, that he is ever occupied, and ever busy in following his plough. I know by St. Peter, which saith of him: '*Sicut leo rugiens circuit quærens quem devoret*' (He goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour). I would have this text well viewed and examined, every word of it: *Circuit*—he goeth about in every corner of his diocese; he goeth on visitation daily, he leaveth no place of his cure unvisited; he walketh round about from place to place, and ceaseth not. *Sicut leo*—as a lion: that is strongly, boldly, and proudly; stately and fiercely, with haughty looks, with his proud countenances, with his stately braggings. *Rugiens*—roaring; for he letteth not slip any occasion to speak or to roar out, when he seeth his time. *Quærens*—he goeth about *seeking*, and not sleeping, as our bishops do; but he seeketh diligently, he searcheth diligently all corners, wheresoever he may have his prey. He rovet abroad in any place of his diocese; he standeth not still, he is never at rest, but ever in hand with his plough, that it may go forward. But there was never such a preacher in England as he is. Who is able to tell his diligent preaching, which, every day and every hour, laboureth to sow cockle and darnel, that he may bring out of form, and out of estimation and renown, the institution of the Lord's supper and Christ's cross?"

This sermon was delivered to the people of London, in the *shrouds* of St. Paul's, that is, in a chapel beneath the choir, to which the congregation resorted in winter, when the weather forbade their assembling in the churchyard. We can readily understand that a man who preached so vigorously against the

prelates of the Church, must have been very uneasy under the yoke of restraint, which his own seat on the bench imposed upon his rebukes, nine years before, and was glad to get his tongue once more at liberty, to denounce "the lords and the loiterers," as he called them, who did the work of governing the Church of Christ carelessly. Describing the clergy under the figure of fishermen, he rebukes their negligence and worldliness in equally plain-spoken terms:—

"Most part of them set, now-a-days, aside this fishing; they put away this net, they take other business in hand; they will rather be surveyors, or receivers, or clerks in the kitchen, than to cast out this net. They have the living of fishers, but they fish not."

A further paragraph on this head we must indulge ourselves with quoting,—its sarcasm is so severe, blended with a free humour of expression, conveying a biting medicine through a honeyed spoon:—

"Oh! that a man might have the contemplation of hell! That the devil would allow a man to look into hell, to see the state of it, as he showed all the world, when he tempted Christ in the wilderness: '*Commonstrat illi omnia regna mundi.*' He showed all the kingdoms of the world, and all their jollity, and told him that he would give him all, if he would kneel down and worship him. He lied like a false harlot; he could not give them; he was not able to give so much as a goose-wing, for they were none of his to give; the other, that he promised them unto, had more right to them than he. But I say, if one were admitted to view hell thus, and behold it thoroughly, the devil would say: 'On yonder side are punished unpreaching prelates.' I think a man should see as far as kenning, and see nothing but unpreaching prelates. He might look as far as Calais, I warrant you. And then, if he would go on the other side, and show where that bribing judges were, I think he should see so many, that there were scant room for any other. Our Lord amend it."

This is like a page from Quevedo.

In the Sermons of Latimer there is a mine of wealth, of obvious but good thoughts, and vigorous natural expression, such as every preacher who aims at popular acceptance will do well to enrich himself withal. Here and there his observations are uncommon, and marked by a shrewdness that indicates a penetration which his habitual homely simplicity would not lead one to suspect, and a depth of feeling which seems at odds with the frequent sprightliness of his illustrations and the merriment of his tales. But he is ever thoroughly in earnest—terribly in earnest in denouncing the faults of sinners to their faces, especially those of sinners in exalted stations. No one

can for a moment suppose that Latimer joked for joking's sake, or sought the paltry reward of a laugh in return for his homiletic *facetiæ*. But his subjects were, many of them, of a kind to excite a smile; as, for instance, whenever the misdeeds of ignorant priests and monks were the theme of discussion, it were scarcely in human nature to withstand the provocation to laughter. Such stories were common then, and were expressly made *pour rire*, but in Latimer's hands a very merry story might enforce a very grave truth, and have tagged on to it an impressive moral. Taking all his discourses into our view, we must pronounce them, in many points, unequalled in English literature, and possessed of untiring interest to the reader. What Shakspeare is among dramatists that Latimer is among preachers. We know no more healthful production to put into the hands of our sacred orators—none likelier to do their own moral nature good, and eventually to profit their hearers than these sermons of the *Quondam* of Worcester. They give a fillip to a man's spirits, and run a golden thread through the uniform texture of his graver homiletic studies. We have no space left for an eulogium on the symmetrical dignity of Howe; and on Chalmers, with his gorgeous diction, his rhetorical iterations and exaggerations; and on Robert Hall bearing us aloft to "the pure empyrean," with an eloquence unrivalled for its union of gracefulness and power: but besides these—not instead of them—we most heartily recommend the daily perusal of genial, gentle, honest, and earnest Hugh Latimer. Over the deluge of dead and dull, but doubtless very learned theological literature, flooding the earlier half of the sixteenth century, floats the golden ark of Latimer's Remains, freighted with all that was living of that day—living still, and likely to live so long as our Saxon speech is spoken, and our evangelical Protestantism is dear. It requires but little of the skill of the soothsayer to predict the immortality of a writer, who, if as widely known as Bunyan, would be as universally approved, and as richly relished. Happy were the day for England, if the sermons of this coryphæus of preachers were as familiar on the cottage shelf as in the library of the book-worm, for probably the peasant would enjoy them most, and be most directly edified by their perusal. In any case, the name of Latimer is too perdurably carved upon the world's reverence for the tide of time to obliterate the recollection. Of this magnificent preacher and character it is as true, as of the hero of song,—

"Quem referent Musæ, vivet, dum robora tellus,  
Dum cælum stellas, dum vehat amnis aquas."

## ART. II.—THE RISE OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC.

*The Rise of the Dutch Republic. A History.* By John Lothrop Motley. In Three Volumes. London: G. Routledge and Co. 1858.

THE traveller who, in these days of cheap fares and excursions, sets foot on the quay of Antwerp or on one of the wharves of Rotterdam, will find it difficult to realize that others than quiet, stately burghers had thronged these streets, intent on work far different from the commercial pursuits which now seem wholly to absorb the soul of the Hollander. And in part he is right. Three centuries ago, when the questions of constitutional liberty and of religious freedom, hung upon the issue of the contest carried on in these same commercial towns, the combatants on whom devolved so mighty a task, were, in reality, little different in character or disposition from the present stolid Dutch. In some respects it was their very stolidity and unimpassionateness which made the conflict so dreadful, since it was certain that a nation like that, once roused, might be exterminated but could never succumb. It is a curious fact, but one which admits of abundant demonstration, that liberty, to be lasting, must not only be of slow and gradual growth, but that it seems to thrive best, not among the enthusiasts who with one fell swoop would hew down the upas tree of abuses, but among the punctilious adherents to things as they are, among the lovers of precedent and the almost pedantic worshippers of "order." Study and compare the histories of the French and English Revolutions, or those of the Dutch States and of Germany, and this conclusion will be inborne upon you with irresistible force. In truth, it is not one man nor a set of men that can accomplish a great social revolution, either by dint of logical arguments or by stirring appeals. A nation to be free must be able to achieve and to maintain its own liberty, and this can only be done through the force of principles received, of which the importance and value is felt throughout the community. Every great revolution, if lasting, must have its moral causes and its moral aim. This was pre-eminently the case in the Netherlands.

Sooth to say, that trim, flat little country, with its canals intersecting it in every part, its antique towns, and grave population, is classical soil—much more important, so far as the great interests of mankind are concerned, than even Greece or Rome. Thence the great movement in favour of letters issued, there the great question of popular rights was contested, there

the cause of civil and religious liberty, as applying not to nations merely but to individuals, gained its first triumph. Among the lasting benefactors of the race impartial history will place William of Orange in the first rank; and long after the laurels of conquerors have faded, will the service rendered to mankind by the Dutch nation be gratefully remembered.

Few undertakings, humanly speaking, could have promised less than an attempt on the part of peaceful burghers to shake off the domination of Spain. Conceive a few provinces, unarmed and untrained, betrayed by some and deserted by others upon whose assistance they had relied, baffling the "immortals" and "invincibles" of an Alva, and ultimately not only succeeding in their object, but, for a time, rising to the rank of a first-rate power, becoming the asylum of the oppressed, the bulwark of Protestantism, and even the hope and deliverance of our own country! Who that compared these effects with the agents at work, or calculated merely according to subordinate causes, could have predicted such results? Truly, when looking upon events not isolated but in their interconnexion and ultimate bearing, do we learn the two great lessons of history—the overruling of Providence, and the moral power of man.

At the close of his days, the Emperor Charles V. had seen all his long-cherished projects defeated. He had hoped to humble France, to establish the supremacy of his house throughout Europe, and to crush that hated heresy which had sprung up in the empire. For some time his plans promised well. The Protestant powers of Germany seemed to offer an easy prey. Instead of cherishing a lively piety, the princes were often only notorious for vices too common in their age; instead of closely uniting as against a common foe, they were divided into most hostile factions; instead of broadly enunciating the great principle—that in matters of conscience man could not own a master on earth—they emulated each other and the Pope in narrow-minded and sectarian bigotry. Against rulers so selfish, weak, and even profligate, against theologians wrangling and disputation, against peoples whose religion had to conform to the dictates of their rulers, Rome gathering her forces to a fresh contest, occupied peculiar vantage ground. But at the moment when Protestantism seemed paralyzed, if not broken, when, after the decisive victory of Muhlberg, the emperor led the Elector of Saxony and the Landgrave of Hesse—the only two decided champions of Protestantism—captives in his train, appeared an unexpected enemy, and the aspect of affairs wholly changed. The emperor lay sick and without an army at Innsbruck, when Maurice of Saxony, so long

his partisan, suddenly advanced against him. Charles V. was obliged to fly ; and the treaty of Passau and the religious peace of Augsburg gave legal sanction to the Reformation in Germany. True, the terms of that treaty, from the benefits of which Calvinists were entirely excluded, and which threatened effectually to arrest the progress of Protestantism, were, in many respects, humiliating. Still, it was a victory as unexpected as it was great. The fundamental principle of that pacification, "*Cujus regio ejus religio*" (whose land his creed), indicates both what it secured and wherein it came short. The rights of Protestant princes were recognised, those of Christian peoples ignored—a defect which, as a canker-worm, has ever since eaten at the root of German Protestantism. It was otherwise, as we shall soon see, with Calvinistic churches.

Broken in health by excesses, and in spirit by disappointments, Charles V., with his usual love of display, resolved on making, at least, a glorious exit. He would resign all his honours, he would retire into a convent, and without passing through the intermediate state of weakness and decadence, at once step from the palace to the church,—from being a successor of the Cæsars to the still higher rank of a Popish saint. How ill he performed the latter part of his purpose, historical researches have irrefragably shown. In St. Just the recluse indulged in the excesses of the table, at least so far as the utterly disorganized state of his health would admit, while alternating feasts with medicinal, if not with religious, penances. He that professed to be dead to the world, gave his whole mind and heart to reading and writing despatches. Yet, genuine or hollow, the spectacle had been enacted, and in solemn assembly Charles had resigned the government of the Netherlands and of Spain into the hands of his son Philip II. As usual among the speech-loving Netherlanders, there had been abundance of oratory on the occasion, and withal not a few tears. Some would have it, that the whole assembly was bathed in tears. Whether we take such expressions as figurative or as literal, there certainly was sufficient cause for weeping, although not exactly for the abdication of Charles.

The old emperor had resolved to leave his son under circumstances favourable for the extirpation of heresy. In Germany we have already seen the Protestant princes had achieved for themselves, if not for their peoples, religious liberty. Even in Austria, which, along with the crown of Germany and that of Bohemia, devolved on Ferdinand, the emperor's brother, toleration had to be extended to the new religion, while in Bohemia its influence was rapidly extending. But by vigorous measures, Spain might still be kept unsullied by the breath of heresy, and

in the Netherlands the embers be prevented from kindling into a general conflagration. Already edicts the most stringent prohibited the exercise of the reformed faith, and inquisitors were especially intrusted with the grateful task of exterminating heretics. In the Netherlands, in France, and in Britain, the religious movement was pre-eminently not the prince's but the people's. On the throne of England sat the "Bloody Mary," in this respect fit wife of Philip; in France, Catherine of Medici held the reins of government, and the Huguenots attempted a doubtful resistance, soon to terminate in the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. In the Netherlands, not mighty, nor learned, nor noble men, had espoused the cause of the reform. Traders and artisans, with their wives and children, devoutly listened to the unadorned eloquence of truth flowing from the lips of those who, save in the school of grace, had received no higher training than themselves, or secretly assembled to hear the glowing denunciations of unfrocked priest or monk. With these men and women religion was pre-eminently a matter of the heart and of conviction; they knew and saw that confiscation, the halter, or the stake, awaited them—in one scale lay all that is near and dear to the heart of man, in the other, religious truth—and they made their choice. Meetings were held in rooms fronting the very square, and at the very time, when some of their brethren suffered martyrdom. These witnesses and victims were numbered by thousands, and the great day alone will reveal deeds of cruelty and deeds of martyrdom which, in our days, we find it almost difficult to realize.

If Philip II. had any principle or conviction, it was that of unswerving subserviency to Rome. Far rather, he swore, would he exterminate the population of the Netherlands, or, like Abraham, sacrifice his own flesh, than tolerate heresy. Weak, suspicious, double, cruel, and grossly licentious, it may be doubted whether monarch in Christendom had ever combined more vices, or known fewer generous impulses. He was true only in his duplicity, or to the Pope; he appeared mild only when he wished to deceive; he was diligent only in petty details; he was great only in schemes of treachery or of wholesale murder. His correspondence, which after the lapse of centuries, has seen the light, must load his memory with eternal infamy. In the Netherlands his imperial father had left him an heirloom of persecuting edicts, and broken oaths to the constitution. It only required that the work thus auspiciously begun, should be continued and carried out; and if unflinching courage and earnest determination had been sufficient for that purpose, the issue could not long have been doubtful. A war

with France at the commencement of his reign was speedily terminated, not so much by the brilliant victories of Count Egmont, as through the firm resolution of Philip to conclude a peace. His troops were required, not for the conquest of France, but for the suppression of heresy and the absolute subjection of the Netherlands. But here, at the very outset of his career, he was destined to meet the great opponent of all his schemes, the liberator of his country, William of Orange.

The family of Orange-Nassau was one of the most prominent not only in the Netherlands but in the empire. William, the heir of so many honours and of such vast wealth, had been early selected by Charles V. as his confidant and almost friend. Even when a tender youth he had been allowed to be present at the most secret deliberations, and thus acquired the extensive knowledge of men and matters which, combined with extraordinary sagacity and prudence, so well fitted him for the task of his life. Under the reign of Philip II. he was also intrusted with most important negotiations and commands. At the period to which we refer he was a generous, lavish, and liberal-minded prince, but as yet a Roman Catholic in profession. He had indeed enjoyed the advantage of early religious training by a pious mother; still the protection which he afforded to the persecuted "of the religion," arose from motives far different from those of religious sympathy. When a hostage in France, Henry II., ignorant of his character, had communicated to him a scheme concerted between himself and his brother of Spain, according to which, by one blow, all the heretics in both countries were to be exterminated. For this purpose were the Spanish troops to be employed in the Netherlands. William of Orange received the communication without betraying his emotion by word or gesture—a circumstance from which he earned the title of "Taciturn,"—but from that moment his resolution was taken. He returned to the Netherlands determined, in the first place, to accomplish the immediate removal of the Spanish troops. In that resolution he had the fullest assistance of the nobles and estates. Before Philip returned to Spain, the estates, with many loyal professions, had insisted on the withdrawal of the hated mercenaries, and the enraged king not unjustly traced the bold demand to his wary antagonist.

Two great measures had Philip enjoined on Margaret of Parma, his representative in the Netherlands: the extermination of heretics, and the establishment of absolute royal power. That princess, a natural daughter of Charles V., made up by Italian arts for the want of Dutch honesty or native talent. Her chief adviser at that time, Cardinal Granvelle, was a crafty

churchman, unprincipled, but with courage and talent sufficient for any emergency. Soon, popular hatred concentrated itself upon the cardinal and the Spanish troops. After a period of vain resistance both had to be removed. But these measures of conciliation were no longer sufficient to allay the popular excitement. Despite the horrors of the Inquisition daily enacted before the people, the new opinions had spread with astonishing rapidity. Despite intrigues and kingcraft, the nobles were clamorous for such reforms as promised to preserve their constitutional rights, and the liberties of the people. Already thousands of armed burghers attended outside the various towns on the preaching of the Reformers. Monster petitions and remonstrances had been presented by the nobles to the regent; the innovators were organized into a body under the name of the "Beggars;" nay, in a paroxysm of popular fury, images and statues had been demolished throughout the chief cities of the land, and Protestant worship substituted for the rites of Rome. Terrified into temporary submission, Margaret of Parma had made religious concessions, and intrusted the popular nobles with the pacification of the country. Throughout these commotions, Orange and his friends, though entirely opposed to the religious persecution which had provoked it, had neither approved of, nor taken part in, the popular movement. Even at a later period, when ardently attached to the Reformation, that master-mind sufficiently understood the principle of religious liberty to oppose his authority to all measures of violence in matters of faith. All along he had tendered his best advice to the regent, and employed his most earnest endeavours to carry out her measures of compromise. Even more than Orange, Counts Egmont and Horn had stood aloof from the popular party. Though brave and brilliant, Lamoral de Egmont was deficient in those qualities which are necessary in a leading man. He was vain and vacillating, easily led aside by flattery, and destitute of high principle or wide sympathies. Like almost all the nobles, he had shared in the resistance to government, or at least to Granvelle, and thereby incurred the wrath of Philip, who never forgave or forgot; he had also been victorious against the French, and thereby mortally offended the envious Alva. But despite all his tergiversations he was devotedly loyal to Philip; he even took part in the subjection of rebel cities, and hanged a sufficient number of heretics to render his orthodoxy unsuspected. Count Horn was a gloomy, morose individual, who cared neither for king nor people, a good Catholic and—the best guarantee of his loyalty—hopelessly involved in debt. Such were some of the principal "*dramatis personæ*." As for Margaret of Parma, she had never been in earnest with

her concessions. As gradually she collected troops, she was able to retrace her steps. In this Egmont and most of the other nobles lent her their fullest aid. Orange alone protested, and left the country to prepare in Germany means of resistance. By measures of sharp repression the country had been almost "pacified," when Alva with his Spanish legions appeared to take fearful reprisal.

The duke had been sent from Spain, with ample instructions and a trunkful of blank death-warrants, on a mission entirely congenial to his ferocious nature. The amount of accumulated misery which his rule entailed upon the unfortunate country he was sent to govern, has given a false lustre of mildness to the administration which preceded and to that which succeeded his own. The first step was to secure Egmont, Horn, and the principal nobles. Repeated warnings and threatening appearances had been insufficient to rouse the sanguine Egmont to a sense of his danger. Taken by vile treachery, condemned in defiance of all principles of justice and of every form of law, the unhappy count and his friend Horn expiated on the scaffold their trust of Philip. These judicial murders sent a thrill of horror throughout the country; but the Netherlands were soon to become accustomed to such proceedings. The "blood-council" (as it was called) in Brussels, of which Alva was chief, proceeded to decree wholesale execution and confiscation. Property, principle, independence, or religion, became the death-warrant of thousands; in these times suspicion could not attach to a person without instant danger, nor was a man safe who had an enemy. Meantime, the first attempt of William of Orange to deliver his country, had proved singularly unsuccessful. His French auxiliaries had been dispersed, and after a short and barren triumph the national party had been routed, and Alva had amply avenged the temporary reverses of Spanish arms. It was then that the cruelties, on the taking of cities, commenced, which have so deeply stained Spanish honour. Butcheries, rape, and general plunder, attended every one of their victories. The history of one of these sacks is the history of all. Generally speaking, the patriot troops continued unsuccessful on land; it was otherwise with the flotilla which was soon organized. The "Beggars of the Sea" occupied the key of the northern provinces, which, indeed, throughout the contest, showed most tenacious adherence, and ultimately remained alone faithful to the national cause. If all other means failed, the burghers would rather break down their *dykes* and lay the country under water than surrender to such an enemy. On one occasion, at least, the boats of the nationalists were thus enabled to bring relief. In this respect, the siege of Alkmaar,

and afterwards that of Leyden, will always remain memorable. Even victories, such as the capture of Haarlem, were dearly bought by the Spaniards, and cost them fully more than the national party lost. Baffled in the northern provinces, and intensely unpopular on account of his financial measures, Alva, execrated by all, gave place to Requesens. Under the brief administration of that governor, the contest was carried on with the same results as before. The northern provinces maintained their liberty, while in the south the Spaniards kept their supremacy. Orange was still at the head of the national party, and his ingenuity and perseverance frustrated all the plans of the enemy, as his probity resisted the attempts made now and afterwards to bribe him into submission.

The unexpected death of Requesens gave rise to fresh difficulties. In the words of Motley, Philip "was angry with him, not for dying, but for dying at so very inconvenient a moment." In Spain there was indecision, in the Netherlands hopeless confusion. In the meantime the government devolved upon the council at Brussels, a conclave very incompetent to bear rule at such a period. To crown the difficulties, the Spanish troops had broken into open mutiny, clamouring for their arrears. Such outbursts were, indeed, by no means uncommon; but at this juncture the military insurrection, for such we must call it, assumed fearful proportions. With one exception, the state council was composed of Netherlanders, and was neither able nor, perhaps, very willing to meet the demands of the soldiery. The troops insisted either on immediate payment or on indemnification in the sack of some great city. Orange knew how to avail himself of this position of matters, and, for the first and last time, to unite all the provinces in common opposition. The mutineers were outlawed, and forthwith began to consider themselves, and to be regarded by all Spaniards, as the only faithful adherents of King Philip. Led by their officers, they betook themselves, after having sacked some cities, to Antwerp, the great commercial emporium of continental Europe, and, at the time, perhaps, the richest and most thriving city. Here there was enough and to spare for the cupidity of all. The burghers immediately prepared for such resistance as the desire to defend all that is most dear can suggest to untrained men, left without proper leadership, to oppose a highly disciplined and well-officered army. The consequences can readily be imagined. The victims of the "Spanish Fury" of Antwerp were more than those of the St. Bartholomew at Paris.

"The city, which had been a world of wealth and splendour, was changed to a charnel-house, and from that hour its commercial prosperity was blasted: 3,000 dead bodies were discovered on the

streets, as many more were estimated to have perished in the Scheldt, and nearly an equal number was burnt or destroyed in other ways: 8,000 persons were undoubtedly put to death. Six millions of property were destroyed by the fire, and, at least, as much more was obtained by the Spaniards."

These horrible events led to the Treaty of Ghent, in which the various provinces of the Netherlands combined to protect their civil and religious liberties, and to expel the Spaniards.

But while the patriots were gathering strength, Philip had appointed a new governor, in the person of Don John of Austria, a natural son of Charles V., a youth celebrated from his victories in the East, and known as an enthusiastic soldier. The prince had accepted the government of the Netherlands, not for its own sake, but with the view of carrying out a favourite, but, fortunately, an impossible scheme. Don John meditated no less than an armed invasion of England, the dethronement of Elizabeth, and the establishment of a Popish monarchy! But for this purpose, it was necessary first to pacify the Netherlands, both in order not to leave an enemy behind, and to be at liberty to employ his troops in the proposed undertaking. Nor did the prince doubt his ability to perform this difficult task. Disguised as a Moorish servant, he had travelled in haste through Spain and France, and now arrived with the delusive hope of re-enacting Caesar's "*Veni, vidi, vici.*" Armed with unlimited powers to flatter, to bribe, and to deceive, the prince was chagrined to find that the Netherlands insisted, as a first condition, on the dismissal of the Spanish troops. This was the first blow to his hopes. The next disappointment was the manifest impossibility of gaining over the prince of Orange. Gradually one after another of his dreams was rudely dispelled. Indeed, betrayed and suspected by Philip, and by his councillors in Spain; left without support in the Netherlands, Don John soon found himself engaged in an almost desperate undertaking. Meantime, an Austrian archduke had arrived in the Netherlands, in the hope of gaining, during these troubles, a crown for himself. It is not necessary to follow his course, as, from the first, he remained entirely subject to Orange, and ultimately withdrew ingloriously. In the war which was carried on afresh between the new levies of Don John and the national party, the result was very much the same as before. Broken-spirited, disappointed—if not poisoned by Philip—Don John fell into an early grave, leaving the government of the Netherlands to Alexander of Parma, who had lately arrived with auxiliaries from Italy.

The son of Margaret of Parma, who now held the reins of government, was by far the most astute diplomatist and the

ablest general whom Spain had deputed to the provinces. It was his aim to divide, and thus to conquer. If the prince of Orange could not be gained, a high price might be set upon his head; and all the bravoës of Europe be attracted by tempting offers for earth and heaven—since Philip undertook the one, the Pope the other obligation to the murderer. Again, a little prudent management showed that most of the nobles, who had never taken an interest in the religious movement, might be bought. One by one they made their submission. At the same time, apparently conciliatory measures effected a separation between the Roman Catholic provinces of the South, and their Calvinistic brethren of the North. Even in the latter states, Orange had to contend with a lawless democracy, which spurned all government and order, with niggardliness or jealousy, and almost single-handed, to resist the enemies of his country. Instead of being united against the common foe, the Netherlands were divided into three parties: the South, which adhered to Philip; a portion of the North, which, by the advice of Orange, had chosen the duke of Anjou as king; and Holland and Zeeland, which would acknowledge no other lord than William. The policy of Orange, in calling in French aid, has frequently been questioned. The well-known want of principle on the part of the duke of Anjou, his cruelty to the Huguenots, and the general disposition of the French court, are held to have been sufficient objections to any such measure. But, on the other hand, it must be remembered, that at the time, such an alliance held out the only prospect of successful resistance. If the whole power of France could be enlisted in the national cause, the result would not be uncertain, while it seemed comparatively easy afterwards to keep the duke to those constitutional obligations to the country, which he had solemnly undertaken. From no other quarter was help to be expected. England, which all along had played fast and loose, now used all her influence in favour of Anjou, between whom and the Maiden Queen there was one of those love passages, with which Elizabeth amused herself, if not others. Besides, nothing could be more ample than the professions of the French court, and the promises of Anjou. For a time all promised well. Orange and Anjou co-operated with apparent cordiality. But this state of matters could not last. Impatient of the limitations to his power, Anjou resolved, by a *coup d'état*, to rid himself of all trammels. However, the "French Fury" of Antwerp proved a wretched failure; and Anjou was obliged hastily to withdraw from the country. It was impossible for Orange any longer to resist the solicitations of the northern provinces. He accepted at last the government, although with

self-imposed limitations, which left the entire rule of the United States in the hands of the representatives of the people.

The independence of Holland had been accomplished ; but the great stroke, upon which the heart of Philip and of his deputies had so long been set, was now also dealt ; and the man who could not be removed by fair means, fell under the hand of the assassin. Several attempts upon the life of the prince had previously been made, in one of which Orange was dangerously wounded ; when a wild fanatic, Balthazar Gérard, offered himself to Parma for the accomplishment of this foul purpose. Encouraged by the priests, and tempted by the large reward of the king, the murderer took effective measures to secure his object. On pretence of being a persecuted convert to Protestantism, he gained access to the person of the prince. On one occasion, when dispatched to inform William of the death of Anjou, he received from the munificence of the prince some money, to relieve the feigned poverty, which deprived him of a suitable attire in which to appear at church. The murderer had now both the opportunity and the resources for accomplishing his design. William was singularly unsuspecting. He was wont to say : " God in His mercy will maintain my innocence and my honour during my life and in future ages. As to my fortune and my life, I have dedicated both, long since, to His service. He will do therewith what pleases Him, for His glory and my salvation." The closing scene of such a life deserves to be described with the particularity and accuracy of Mr. Motley's narrative :—

" On Tuesday, the 10th July, 1584, at about half-past twelve, the prince, with his wife on his arm, and followed by the ladies and gentlemen of his family, was going to the dining-room ; William the Silent was dressed upon that day according to his usual custom, in very plain fashion. He wore a wide-leaved, loosely-shaped hat of dark felt, with a silken cord round the crown—such as had been worn by the Beggars, in the early days of the revolt. A high ruff encircled his neck, from which also depended one of the Beggars' medals, with the motto : ' Fidéles au roy jusqu'à la besace ;' while a loose surcoat of grey frieze cloth, over a tawny leather doublet, with wide, slashed underclothes, completed his costume. Gérard presented himself at the doorway, and demanded a passport. The princess, struck with the pale and agitated countenance of the man, anxiously questioned her husband concerning the stranger. The prince carelessly observed that ' it was merely a person who came for a passport ;' ordering a secretary at the same time forthwith to prepare one. The princess, still not relieved, observed, in an under tone, that ' she had never seen so villanous a countenance.' Orange, however, not at all impressed with the appearance of Gérard, conducted himself at table with his usual cheerfulness, conversing much

with the burgomaster of Leewarden, the only guest present at the family dinner, concerning the political and religious aspects of Friesland. At two o'clock, the company rose from table. The prince led the way, intending to pass to his private apartments above. The dining-room, which was upon the ground-floor, opened into a little square vestibule, which communicated, through an arched passage-way, with the main entrance into the courtyard. This vestibule was also directly at the foot of the wooden staircase, leading to the next floor, and was scarcely six feet in width. Upon its left side, as one approached the stairway, was an obscure arch, sunk deep in the wall, and completely in the shadow of the door. Behind this arch a portal opened to the narrow lane at the side of the house. The stairs themselves were completely lighted by a large window, half-way up the flight. The prince came from the dining-room, and began leisurely to ascend. He had only reached the second stair, when a man emerged from the sunken arch, and, standing within a foot or two of him, discharged a pistol full at his heart. Three balls entered his body, one of which, passing quite through him, struck with violence against the wall beyond. The prince exclaimed in French, as he felt the wound: 'Oh, my God! have mercy upon my soul! Oh, my God! have mercy upon this poor people!' These were the last words he ever spoke, save that when his sister, Catherine of Schwartzburg, immediately afterwards asked him if he commended his soul to Jesus Christ, he faintly answered, 'Yes.' His master of the horse, Jacob von Malden, had caught him in his arms as the fatal shot was fired. The prince was then placed on the stairs for an instant, when he immediately began to swoon. He was afterwards laid upon a couch in the dining-room, where, in a few minutes, he breathed his last in the arms of his wife and sister."

The murderer escaped not vengeance, nor did the tyrant who had hired him secure his object. Orange had lived long enough to effect the freedom of his country, and to leave behind those who would preserve what he had gained. William the Silent had been four times married. His first wife, the Countess Van Buren, was the richest heiress in the Netherlands; his second wife was the dissolute and crazy Ann of Saxony, whose adultery with the father of Rubens led to her divorce, but whose vices and follies scarcely excused the inhuman treatment to which she was subjected by her relatives; his third wife was the Princess of Bourbon, a fugitive nun; his fourth wife was the daughter of the murdered Admiral Coligny. Our sketch of his life cannot be more aptly concluded than in the words of Motley:—

"He went through life bearing the load of a people's sorrows upon his shoulders with a smiling face. Their name was the last word upon his lips, save the simple affirmative, with which the soldier who had been battling for the right all his lifetime, com-

mended his soul in dying to 'his great captain Christ.' The people were grateful and affectionate, for they trusted the character of their 'Father William;' and not all the clouds which calumny could collect, ever dimmed, to their eyes, the radiance of that lofty mind, to which they were accustomed, in their darkest calamities, to look for light. As long as he lived, he was the guiding star of a great nation; and when he died, the little children cried in the streets."

Such, in its leading outlines, is the history of that memorable contest, of greater importance and interest than any other in the history of modern Europe. It only remains now briefly to indicate the manner in which Mr. Motley has performed his task as a historian, and to point the moral of his tale. Of Mr. Motley himself we cannot speak in terms too commendatory. Few works, among those which it has been ours to peruse, have given us more lively satisfaction than his volumes. Manifestly, the author has spared no pains in collecting abundant materials, both from the works of contemporary historians, from later publications, and from manuscripts in the archives of Brussels, of the Hague, and of Dresden. Every chapter, we had almost said every page, bears marks of unwearied industry; while the whole is couched in language as clear as it is pictorial. Add to this, that our author's principles are broad, liberal, and elevated; that with unswerving truthfulness, he indicates the errors and failings, as well as the constancy and the virtues of the national party; and it will be admitted that, in this case at least, the historian has fully come up to the grandeur of his subject. If any exception might be taken, it would be to the fulness of details, and the occasional minuteness of description. But, perhaps, in this case, the error has been on the safe side, as a much more truthful and vivid impression of facts, and of the characteristics of men, is gathered from a detailed account of particulars, than merely from broad outlines. We have no hesitation in ranking our author with Prescott, Macaulay, and Carlyle, among the historians of our age, whose works will continue so long as the English language is read.

All history has not only its past interest, but its present importance. The seeds sown in a former age have sprung up to be wide-spreading trees, and for good or for evil have borne abundant fruit. Since the events to which we have adverted have taken place, Spain has shrunk into a contemptible second-rate power, hopelessly torn, helplessly fallen. On the other hand, the United Provinces have enjoyed liberty, prosperity, and peace. Theirs it has been to be chief actor in many a historic drama; and the intelligence, power, and influence of their citizens have been felt throughout Europe. Can it be deemed unfair to trace these effects to the principles which guided the

respective policy of these countries—or is it narrow-minded sectarianism to point on the one hand to Rome, and on the other to the Bible, as the ultimate source of their difference? We live in a strange era of historical confusion, when men, forgetful of the lessons of the past, will rush blindfold towards a new contest, more fearful, perhaps, than any which the world has yet witnessed. It is well for us, in the midst of national struggles and aspirations, to have the great events of the past recalled to our minds, that our energies may be rightly directed, that we may learn more firmly to trust in Him who reigneth in the heavens above, and on the earth beneath, more ardently, each in his own station, to aim for the spread of genuine religious principle, and more joyfully to believe that truth and right, however opposed, will ultimately triumph. In the history of nations, as of individuals, well *doing* is ever well *being*; liberty and prosperity depend on inward and moral, not on outward and material causes. Nor must we omit, in the midst of so many wild and visionary schemes, propounded of late, to record our gratitude to the historian, who has once more shown us, in the “Rise of the Dutch Republic,” the reality of these principles.

### ART. III.—ANGLICAN STUDIES IN CHURCH HISTORY.

*A History of the so-called Jansenist Church of Holland; with a Sketch of its Earlier Annals, and some Account of the Brothers of the Common Life.* By the Rev. J. M. Neale, M.A. Oxford and London: J. H. and James Parker. 1858.

THE teaching of St. Augustin made a deep and lasting impression on the Church. All the healthy elements in the theology of the Middle Ages, and the greater part of what was genuine in its spiritual life, was to be traced to its influence. The precursors of the Reformation, also—Wycliffe, Huss, and others—and the Reformers themselves, had been deeply imbued with the fundamental principles which the Bishop of Hippo had so powerfully urged in his writings. The doctrine of the entire inability of man, of Divine grace in the election and calling of saints—of the Church of the Predestinate, as Huss was wont to write—occupied the foreground in their dogmatic statements. Against this tendency, a reaction had early sprung up; and gathering strength and developing as it proceeded, it may not inaptly be designated as constituting the distinguishing

peculiarity in the doctrinal system of Rome. The contest between the two parties, carried on through centuries, continued for a time even after the Reformation. The Dominicans represented Augustinian, the Franciscans and Jesuits the opposite views. It was as if on the issue of these questions it hung, whether the Church of Rome might still hold a leaven of evangelical truth. Both parties naturally felt the importance of their position, and their struggle was keen and protracted. It is scarcely necessary to say to which side victory ultimately inclined. As exhibiting this contest, the history of Jansenism—by which name the views of the Augustinians latterly passed—is, therefore, among the most attractive chapters in the great book of ecclesiastical events. Besides, associated as it is with the names and writings of Jansenius, of Arnauld, and of Quesnel, it claims even more than the interest which must necessarily attach to a controversy carried on under such circumstances. It was hence with peculiar satisfaction that we had read the *title* of the book which we have placed at the head of this article, and we regret to say it is with equal disappointment that we now lay it aside, as entirely inadequate to the reasonable demands an unprejudiced reader would be disposed to make, and as grossly inaccurate in many particulars. Before pointing out the special exceptions which we have to make, we shall, in a few paragraphs, compress a sketch of the history of Jansenism.

Our readers will have gathered, that the doctrinal differences between the two great parties in the Roman Church, were fundamental and vital. They concerned not merely *one* dogma, but gave colour to the entire mode of viewing the Gospel scheme of salvation. Among the various schools of theology, Louvain represented, perhaps, more than any other what, for the sake of distinction, we shall call the evangelical party. There Bains taught—whose opinions Paul V. condemned—thence, also, came both Jansenius and St. Cyran. Meantime, the Jesuits had not been idle. Their manifesto, as published by Molina, in his “Concord of Free Will with Grace and Justification,” was grossly Pelagian, and, as such, condemned even at Rome. But the “order” was too powerful to be set at nought, and the bull directed against Molinism never saw the light. Twelve years afterwards Jansenius commenced his great work entitled, “Augustinus.” It is beyond our province to trace even the outlines of this book; but we must express our astonishment that Mr. Neale, in professedly treating of Jansenism, should have given so meagre, so insufficient, and so unsatisfactory a sketch of it. The work of Jansenius was immediately attacked by the Jesuits, and condemned by the

Pope. Obligated to succumb to the sentence of Rome, the defenders of the "Augustinus," among whom we reckon the ablest and best divines in France, headed by Arnauld, confined themselves to a denial that the propositions so attainted had, in that sense, been held by Jansenius, or occurred in his work. The Pope, it was argued, might be infallible in *doctrine*, but was he not liable to error as to a matter of fact? However specious the pleading, it will readily be seen that this was merely an evasion, devised to enable the Augustinians to remain in the communion of Rome. With all the show of outward submission, therefore, the dogmatic differences remained the same as before. For a time the party of the Jansenists seemed again in the ascendant. The influence of Pascal and of the Port-Royal, court manœuvres, and the miraculous cure "of an inveterate ulcer in the left eye" by means of "a thorn from our Lord's crown" (a miracle in which Mr. Neale believes!), accomplished these results. But the triumph was brief. Innocent and Alexander VII. insisted on a general subscription to a "Formulary," in which certain propositions (five in number), professedly taken from the "Augustinus," were formally condemned. Under the administration of Clement IX. the Jansenists enjoyed their greatest, but also their last, victory. It was at that period that the admirable "Reflexions Morales" on the New Testament, by Quesnel—well known to Protestant scholars—appeared, which were so soon to evoke the terrible bull "Unigenitus." Unable to resist the fulminations of Innocent XI., Quesnel, Arnauld, and other ecclesiastics, at last withdrew to the Netherlands, where their views had found extensive sympathy. Indeed, long before Jansenius appeared, a deeply interesting movement had sprung up in the Roman Catholic Church of that country. "The Brothers of the Common Life," of whom Thomas à Kempis is popularly the best known, may properly be designated as among the last outposts of the "Reformers before the Reformation." Their history, labours, and teaching, are necessarily beyond our present limits. But certainly a party like this deserves to be characterized otherwise than by the silly extracts and anecdotes with which Mr. Neale has illustrated their history. The false humility which would induce a "brother" to commit errors in reading, in order to draw down a reproof, or the passive obedience which members of this community displayed, are surely not the essential features of such a movement. They are rather the remaining excrescences of an old and incongruous system—the old bottles which the new wine was so soon to burst. Of the same kind with this mode of representation is the assertion, so startling as coming from an Anglican minister,

that John Huss was "the mouthpiece" of "growing heresies." However, with praiseworthy caution, Mr. Neale has forbore to inform his readers in what these heresies consisted. Even the bitterest enemies of Huss have not been able to substantiate any charges against his teaching, save those connected with his Augustinian views, or with the refusal absolutely to submit to the authority of the Pope. His sentiments on the sacraments, on purgatory, and even on the saints, agreed with those of Rome; nor had he perceived the incompatibility of his fundamental views of Christian truth with the Papal system. To say the least, it argues a considerable amount of historical ignorance or presumption in a clergyman, who himself is "a schismatic from Rome," however "advanced" in "Catholicity" he may be, to accuse Huss of "heresy."

The interest which attaches to the Jansenist movement decreases as we follow its development. It was natural that the Pope should insist on subscription to the "Formulary," and submission, and that in case of opposition he should refuse to install bishops, or even proceed to excommunication. That those contests should have been aggravated by the interference and hostility of the Jesuits, appears scarcely strange. On the other hand, we cannot conceive with what consistency a party which admitted the claims and the supremacy of the Pope, should have refused to acquiesce in his decisions. A position so untenable, could only end in a gradual dereliction of fundamental principles, and must have terminated in an attempt to reduce the great questions originally at issue into points of casuistry and canon law. That such was ultimately the case, the account given by Mr. Neale abundantly shows. The Jansenist Church, which arose from the schism to which we have adverted, was continued by an act of episcopal consecration, performed by a bishop, suspended by the Pope from his ecclesiastical functions. One after another, the Jansenist bishops have since that time protested their entire adherence to Roman doctrine, practice, and discipline, save in the few objections to which we have referred, and notified their election to the Pope, begging his confirmation. Of course their applications have either been refused or left unnoticed. The sect has decreased in numbers and influence, and what Mr. Neale is pleased to call "the national Church" of Holland, is, at present, a small and insignificant body for which a glorious future scarcely seems reserved.

Without entering on a detailed explanation, the reader will readily understand the reason of the special favour with which a certain party in the Anglican Church regards the Jansenist movement. Not the great principles from which that movement

originally proceeded, but the petty details which now keep the Jansenists separate from Rome, are important in their eyes. To show that a Church may hold "Catholic views," and yet on some such ground as the bull "Unigenitus," the refusal to believe in the infallibility of the Pope, so far as *facts* are concerned, or the rights of "chapters," remain separate from Rome, and yet in that separation continue to be "*Catholic*," is an object worthy of the best literary endeavours. That withal the great principles in their history are kept in the background, that the *spirit* of the movement is entirely extinguished, that, to speak honestly, such treatment is contrary to the plainest and first rules of historical investigations—these are circumstances which, in comparison with the object in view, are but of secondary importance. In this respect, Mr. Neale has, we admit, succeeded admirably. He has studied much and laboured hard to prove, that the difference between the Jansenist and the Romish Church lies in a few points of casuistry, on which only the experienced canonist is capable of deciding. But to the title of a history of Jansenism, in the broad and true sense of that term, his book certainly cannot lay any claim.

It only remains to point out some of those startling historical assertions, into which the prejudices of our author occasionally betray him. To one of these—the charge against Huss—we have already adverted. Passing over others, such as that "the true description" of the Jesuits is furnished by the adage, "Where well none better, where ill none worse"—a statement, most Englishmen will agree, too long *by one half*—we shall briefly call attention to one or two which we hope he may be induced to retract.

With reference to the troubles in the Netherlands, during the great war between Spain and the national party, we are coolly assured: "It is probable that the palm of barbarity—it is certain that that of duplicity—must be awarded to the Protestants." Against this bold assertion let us set some facts, taken from Mr. Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic:" "Thousands and ten thousands of virtuous, well-disposed men and women," observes that writer, "who had as little sympathy with Anabaptistical as with Roman depravity, were butchered in cold blood, under the sanguinary rule of Charles, in the Netherlands." "The number of Netherlanders who were burned, strangled, beheaded, or buried alive, in obedience to Charles's edicts, and for the offence of reading the Scriptures, of looking askance at a graven image, or of ridiculing the actual presence of the body and blood of Christ in a wafer, have been placed as high as a hundred thousand by distinguished authorities, and have rarely been put at a lower mark

than fifty thousand." Of the Edict of 1550 against Protestants, it is not necessary to say more than that it ordained that *repentant* heretics were to be beheaded or buried alive, while all others were to be burned; and that an express provision forbade any application for mercy, or for a commutation of sentence! The work, so well begun by Charles, was perfected by his son Philip II. Of the incredible cruelties committed—in defiance of every principle of justice and law—by his inquisitors, among whom the infamous Titelmann is the most notorious, it is almost needless to speak. It will be sufficient in this respect to quote a sentence from a letter of Philip to his sister, in the Netherlands: "Wherefore introduce the Spanish inquisition? *The inquisition of the Netherlands is much more pitiless than that of Spain.*" The statement speaks volumes. Of the administration of Alva, who succeeded Margaret of Parma, in the government of the Netherlands, Mr. Motley, after having summed up a catalogue of almost unheard-of barbarities, remarks:—

"The time is past when it could be said that the cruelty of Alva, or the enormities of his administration, have been exaggerated by party violence. Human invention is incapable of outstripping the truth upon this subject. To attempt the defence of either the man or his measures at the present day, is to convict one's self of an amount of ignorance or bigotry, against which history and argument are alike powerless. The publication of the duke's letters in the correspondence Samaneas and in the Besançon papers, together with that compact mass of horror, long before the world, under the title of 'Sententien von Alva,' in which a portion only of the sentences of death and banishment, pronounced by him during his reign, have been copied from the official records—these, in themselves, would be a sufficient justification of all the charges ever brought by the most bitter contemporary of Holland or of Flanders. If the investigator should remain sceptical, however, let him examine the 'Registre des Condamnés et Bannis à Cause des Troubles des Pays-Bas,' in three, together with the Records of the 'Conseil des Troubles,' in forty-three folio volumes, in the royal archives of Brussels. After going through all these chronicles of iniquity, the most determined historic doubter will probably throw up the case."

We are willing to leave the charge of "barbarity," as brought against the Protestants, to be decided on this evidence. The truth of the matter is, that, although by outbursts of popular fury, inexcusable indeed, but not very unnatural in the circumstances, the Protestants occasionally violated the principles of liberty of conscience, such instances were *very rare*, they were immediately disavowed, and entirely checked. From the first, Orange and his friends asserted the right of

every individual to worship God according to the dictates of his conscience; and from the first he defended Roman Catholics in the enjoyment of rights which he claimed for himself. This, indeed, constitutes one of the noblest features in the movement. On the other hand, Rome, from the first, maintained the opposite principle—her persecutions were continuous, systematic, and unremitting. As for the charge of “duplicity,” which Mr. Neale prefers against the national party, it is too ludicrous to merit refutation. Philip, Margaret, Alva—who that has figured in history can dispute them the palm of the most masterly hypocrisy, imposition and duplicity, unless, indeed, the Jesuits, in whose school they had learned? Why, as for Philip, he systematically deceived, not one, but *every* person—his subjects, his enemies, his allies, his correspondents, his ministers, and even his secretaries. Or who would speak of duplicity, that remembers the vile treachery by which Alva lured Egmont and Horn into the snare which he had prepared for them?

These are samples, and only samples, of the historical information to which Mr. Neale treats his readers. If our space admitted, it were easy to multiply them. The terms in which he alludes to that great hero and patriot, William of Orange, the manner in which he incidentally adverts to the Reformation, and to the “apostacy” of so many monks at that time, the continual use of the word “Church,” when speaking of the Popish community, all prove—if proof were necessary—the political and religious tendencies of the party to which Mr. Neale belongs. That party, we fondly hope, is on the decline; recent disclosures will scarcely make it more popular. As Englishmen and as Protestants, it is well for us that it should be so. With reference to performances like that under review, we shall only say that they bear to the real history of that period nearly the same relation as the Puseyite travesty of the “Pilgrim’s Progress”—which has called forth the indignant rebuke of Lord Macaulay\*—does to the original work of John Bunyan.

\* “The most extraordinary of all the acts of Vandalism, by which a fine work of art was ever defaced, was committed so late as the year 1853. It was determined to transform the ‘Pilgrim’s Progress’ into a Tractarian book. The task was not easy; for it was necessary to make the two sacraments the most prominent objects in the allegory; and of all Christian theologians, avowed Quakers excepted, Bunyan was the one in whose system the sacraments held the least prominent place. However, the Wicket Gate became a type of baptism, and the House Beautiful of the Eucharist. The effect of this change is such as assuredly the ingenious person who made it never contemplated. For as not a single person passes through the Wicket Gate in infancy, and as Faithful

## ART. IV.—AMERICAN REVIVALS.

1. *Revival of Religion: what it is, and how to be attained and manifested.* By John Brown, D.D. Edinburgh: A. & D. Padon.
2. *Religious Revivals; Two Papers read at the Annual Meeting of the Congregational Union.* By Mr. Charles Reed and Rev. J. A. James. London: Jackson & Walford.
3. *The New York Tribune* (Revival Number); April 3, 1858. *The New York Observer*; from January 24 to June 24, 1858.

THERE are many Churches in this country of which one might write what would be recognised as a full and impartial history, without requiring to use the word "Revival" in its technical sense at all. Every denomination, indeed, which has lasted a century, has had its ebbs and flows—its marked seasons of liveliness and inactivity: but in few of them, comparatively, is it the custom to refer in so many words to such periods of quickened life, as "times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord;" and not many, therefore, would complain if we failed to speak of them in precisely that way. It would be impossible, however, to write the briefest conceivable account of religion in the United States, without constantly employing the term which has of late been so much in the mouths of all of us. How is this somewhat striking fact to be explained?

Not a few have cut the knot by summarily deciding that "the Revival" is nothing more nor less than one of the "peculiar" institutions of America. But the reader, we dare say, will hesitate about accepting this solution of the difficulty. Long before the New World was discovered, in a work dating from about the beginning of the Christian era, and written by an inspired pen, we find narratives of "great awakenings," very similar in their character to those which have been occurring on the other side of the Atlantic. What happened of old at Antioch and Jerusalem did not differ essentially from what has happened in our day in Boston and New York.

hurries past the House Beautiful without stopping, the lesson which the fable, in its altered shape, teaches, is, that none but adults ought to be baptized, and that the Eucharist may safely be neglected. Nobody would have discovered, from the original 'Pilgrim's Progress,' that the author was not a Pædobaptist. To turn his book into a book against Pædobaptism, was an achievement reserved for an Anglo-Catholic divine. Such blunders must necessarily be committed by every man who mutilates parts of a great work, without taking a comprehensive view of the whole."—*Encyclopædia Britannica*, 8th ed. Vol. v. p. 768 (Art. BUNYAN).

Others, again, have as hastily come to the conclusion, that all is to be explained by the fact, that in the Churches of America there is a great deal more of spiritual life—of vital religion—than is to be found even in the most lively and evangelical denominations of Great Britain. We shall not formally dispute the assumption made in this theory. Perhaps it is true (though there are many things which might make us question it) that Christianity does flourish most in the American Union; but we doubt whether that circumstance alone, at least, fully accounts for the contrast we have noticed above.

The apparent diversity of experience in the two countries, appears to us to be traceable to several causes. In the first place, in order to understand why the word "Revival" should in a manner be almost the only ecclesiastical watchword of America, we need simply to glance backward on the brief history of the country. Its early settlers were, many of them, men of intense religious earnestness, who had sought in the New World a refuge from the tyranny of the Old. Left, there, in the enjoyment of absolute freedom, to frame laws and establish institutions after their own heart—with no destructive work to do in the way of clearing the ground of ancient spiritual or political despotisms—these men gave themselves up far more entirely than it was possible for the Churches here to do to the promotion simply of heart or personal religion. While their contemporaries in Europe—the Puritans in England, the Covenanters in Scotland, the Huguenots in France—were having their attention distracted by contests with usurping civil or spiritual powers, the colonists of New England were concerning themselves only about discovering the best methods of forwarding the interests of vital Christianity. Hence, while in the ecclesiastical history of the three countries we have named, we have the Black Act of Uniformity, and the Battle of Drumclog, and the Massacre of St. Bartholomew; in the early ecclesiastical history of America *we find no marked outstanding incidents excepting its "Revivals."* That such happy incidents should have occurred frequently during the Colonial era excites in us no surprise. The Pilgrim Fathers had been witnesses and sufferers for the truth—they were pre-eminently men of prayer—their principal purpose in seeking a home in a foreign land was to preserve and promote the purity of religion—and some among them (those, for example, who had emigrated from the west of Scotland and the north of Ireland) had come fresh from spots which had actually enjoyed remarkable outpourings of the Spirit. In any case, it is the fact that from the middle of the seventeenth to the middle of the

eighteenth century, revivals, in New England especially, were occurring continually. The key-note for the American Church, if we may so speak, was then struck. It has no "Reformation" to look back upon as we have—no "times of persecution"—no Bartholomew Act of Ejection—no internecine struggles with Popery or Erastianism. *It has only its series of wonderful Revivals.* It need not, therefore, seem a strange thing to us that, in these circumstances, the word should be now so current in the American Union, or that the thing should be thought about and dwelt upon there to an extent which it is not among ourselves.

Then, in the second place, while the peculiarity we have referred to has rendered the word "Revival" a Church term of constant use in the United States—the very occupation of the mind with thoughts about the blessing has tended greatly to bring about a repetition of it. "If I were asked," says Dr. Goodrich, "why revivals are so frequent in America, and so rare in Europe, my first answer would be, that Christians on one side of the Atlantic *expect them*, and on the other they do *not expect them*." There is a great deal of point in this remark. We believe it to be the case, not only that revivals are more spoken about in America than here, but that they are also more frequently experienced. And we have no doubt whatever that this is so to a great extent for just the very reason Dr. Goodrich mentions. Circumstances have led the Americans to think much about revivals. They are always looking for them in consequence, and they often come. We, on the other hand, have not had our minds so strongly directed to the subject. It is but seldom that we speak, or think, or dwell upon them at all, and the result is, that we are comparatively strangers to such visitations.

After all, however, it may be said—and this will be our last remark in explanation of the contrast presented by the two countries—that revivals of religion have often occurred in Great Britain *when they have not been expressly published as such*. Here we do not refer so much to the fact that awakenings, when they do occur in our congregations, are not attended with the same notoriety as they are in America—although that is an element which ought to be taken into distinct account in considering this matter. We have before us now chiefly this idea, that movements have frequently taken place in Europe in connexion with which there have been most manifest quickenings of spiritual life, yet to which, as it happened, the term revival was never expressly applied. To take a single instance—a recent one. In 1843 there occurred a disruption in the Church of Scotland. That event was simply the final issue or

crisis of an agitation which had been going on for at least ten years previously. Formally this agitation was about an abstract question of Church government—the place and power of the civil magistrate in the house of God; but any one who will give himself the trouble to inquire into the origin and history of the controversy, will soon discover that the whole thing arose out of, and was, a revival of spiritual religion. From its long sleep of moderatism the Scottish Church awoke to a more adequate apprehension of the importance of divine things. Under the impulse of its quickened life it set itself to remedy existing evils; and in particular to secure to every parish the blessing of evangelical preaching. In carrying out these reforms it came into collision with the civil courts, and what began as a purely religious movement assumed the aspect of a mere ecclesiastical dispute. But the essential character of the time was not changed in consequence. The revival, as it would certainly have been called in America, went on and strengthened. And when at last the crisis came, and some five hundred ministers were set free to preach in barns and tents—on the moors and by the sea-side, or wherever they could find a place—so much interest was manifested in religion—so much willing waiting on the Word—such zeal and liveliness in the cause of Christ—that we cannot but agree with those who reckon the summer of 1843 as the season when culminated the last of the many great spiritual visitations with which Scotland has in her day been favoured. And this movement does not stand alone as proving our position. We could easily name others of the same kind which sprang out of, and were accompanied by, a decided quickening of spiritual life; but which, because their strength was spent ostensibly in the vindication of some right, or the defence of some principle, failed to be recognised as what they were, genuine, and often powerful, revivals of religion. Looking, therefore, at the matter from this point of view, we hold that the contrast which presents itself when we look at England and America, is, in great measure, more apparent than real. We might add to these explanations another suggested by the obvious difference which exists between the national and social character of the people of the two countries. But it would be difficult so to state this point as entirely to avoid misapprehension. And therefore leaving the thing as it stands, we shall proceed rather to notice some of the revivals which have actually occurred in the New World.

President Edwards says that no one could tell when awakenings commenced in New England. They appear to have been coeval with the very first settlement of the country. Many of the early ministers could go back upon the history of their con-

gregations, and speak of successive seasons of refreshing which they had enjoyed. The grandfather of Edwards himself, for example, and his predecessor as pastor of the church at Northampton—was favoured, during the forty years of his ministry, with five such times of revival—which he called his “harvests.” It was not, however, till 1735 that the first of those “great awakenings” occurred which have since formed so prominent a feature in the history of religion in the American Union. This work began in Northampton, under the preaching of Jonathan Edwards, and went on for six months with unabated power. More than three hundred were added to the Church as its fruits—making the whole number of communicants about six hundred and twenty, being nearly the entire adult population of the town. Nor was the blessing confined to this one spot. The matter, of course, was “noised abroad.” Many from a distance came to witness for themselves the strange spectacle of a whole city earnestly occupied about the things of eternity; and these, catching there some portion of the sacred fire, returned home to impart its influence to others. In one year ten of the adjacent towns in Massachusetts, and seventeen in Connecticut—besides a few remoter places in other States—were favoured with outpourings of the Holy Spirit.

In 1740, revivals commenced anew at Northampton, Boston, and many other places, very nearly at the same time, and spread, within eighteen months, through all the English colonies. In almost every village, within a stretch of five hundred miles, symptoms appeared of an unusual religious concern. And, although, in consequence of certain unhappy circumstances, the work was brought to a termination sooner than seemed likely at first, yet, on the whole, the results were wonderfully great. “Those who had the best means of judging,” says Dr. Goodrich, “estimated the number of true converts, as proved by their subsequent lives, at thirty thousand in New England alone, at a time when the whole population was but three hundred thousand.” Of this revival there are some most interesting notices in a work which deserves to be more generally read than we fear it is,—the “Historical Collections of the Rev. John Gillies.” With reference to the awakening in Boston, for example, this writer introduces to us the narrative of an eye-witness, Mr. Prince, who was, at the time, a minister in that city. The narrative throws a very full and distinct light upon the nature of the work, and the means by which it was promoted. Thus, speaking of Whitfield, who had arrived at Rhode Island in September, 1740, and who immediately commenced preaching to the colonists, Mr. Prince says:—

“Multitudes were greatly affected, and many awakened with his

lively ministry. Though he preached every day, the houses were exceedingly crowded: but when he preached on the common a vaster number attended; and almost every evening, the house where he lodged was thronged to hear his prayers and counsels." "Upon his leaving us," he continues, "great numbers in this town were so happily concerned about their souls, as we had never seen anything like it before, except at the time of the general earthquake, and their desires excited them to hear their ministers more than ever, so that our assemblies, both on lectures and Sabbaths, were surprisingly increased."

"The Rev. Mr. Cooper was wont to say, that more came to him in one week, in deep concern about their souls, than in the whole twenty-four years of his preceding ministry! I can also say the same as to the numbers who repaired to me." "There repaired to us both boys and girls, young men and women, Indians and negroes, heads of families, aged persons, those who had been in full communion, and going on in a course of religion, many years." "In the year 1741, the very face of the town seemed to be strangely altered. Some who had not been here since the fall before, have told me their great surprise at the change in the general look and carriage of people, as soon as they landed. Even the negroes and boys in the streets surprisingly left their usual rudeness. And one of our worthy gentlemen, expressing his wonder at the remarkable change, informed me, that whereas he used, with others, on Saturday evenings to visit the taverns, in order to clear them of town inhabitants, they were wont to find many there, and meet with trouble to get them away; but now, having gone at those seasons again, he found them empty of all but lodgers."

The experience of Boston exactly corresponded with the experience of other places; and from the altered aspect of things, as described by Mr. Prince, one may fancy what an extraordinary impression this revival must have produced on the whole character and complexion of the colony.

The awakening which took place in 1745, among the Indians under the ministry of David Brainerd, was the next noticeable event in this series. The work in this case was remarkable, not so much on account of its extent, as on account of its singular and interesting character.

"Old men and women, who had been drunken wretches for many years, and some children, appeared in distress for their souls. One who had been a murderer, a *pou-wow*, or conjuror, and a notorious drunkard, was brought to cry for mercy with many tears. A young Indian woman, who, I believe, never knew that she had a soul, had come to see what was the matter. She called on me on her way, and when I told her that I meant presently to preach to the Indians, she laughed, and seemed to mock. I had not proceeded far in my public discourse, when she felt effectually that she had a soul, and before the discourse closed, she was so distressed with concern for her soul's salvation, that she seemed like one pierced through with a dart."

This, however, was the last of what we may call the primitive revivals. From about the date above-mentioned, that troublous transition era commenced, which finally issued in the establishment of the American Republic. For nearly fifty years the country was in constant agitation. First, there was the struggle for supremacy, which went on for twenty years between the French and English. Next, there was the War of Independence. And, lastly, there was the business of settling the constitution, and setting agoing the machinery of the infant commonwealth. Religion was not absolutely neglected during this period, but, as might have been expected, its interests seriously suffered. Awakenings were not unknown, but they were uncommon. No season stands out clear and sharp, during that half-century, as a time of manifest refreshing from the presence of the Lord. We have to come down to 1797, before we find the recurrence of experiences similar in kind to those which we have referred to above.

From that date, however, and on to 1803, a wide-spread religious concern appears to have existed. The revival, in this instance, extended into more than one hundred towns, in the old states of Massachusetts and Connecticut, and into a still greater number of places in the new settlements of Vermont, New Hampshire, Maine, and New York. The excitement even made its way across the Alleghany Mountains into the wild forests of Kentucky; and it was there and then that the system of "camp meetings" was introduced, which many were wont, most unreasonably, to regard as a necessary condition of the "getting-up" of an American revival. We have no mind to defend these gatherings. "Anxious seats," "protracted meetings," "miscellaneous assemblages collected together for days in succession in the greenwood,"—these, and all such irregularities, are almost universally given up by all the American Churches, and yet the awakenings, in which they originated, continue. The camp meeting is evidently, then, not a constituent or essential element in an American revival, and we may, therefore, freely abandon it as fair game to the novelist; whether to a Mrs. Trollope, as a field whereon to display her powers as a caricaturist, and her ignorance of, and enmity to, the truth; or to a Mrs. Stowe, as supplying illustrations of southern character, and showing, what our cousins in that quarter of the world require much to be taught, that a mere emotional religion is hollow and worthless. But while we would not feel disposed for a moment to stickle for the actual camp meeting, we have, at the same time, no sympathy with that flippant self-sufficiency which affects to laugh at it as absurd, or to condemn it as certainly fanatical. There were

circumstances which made such gatherings at times absolutely unavoidable. With a scanty supply of the means of grace, and a sparse and widely-scattered population, the converging of both to one common centre was, probably, the only way often in which reviving work could be overtaken.

From 1803, down to the present hour, there does not appear to have been a single season of any duration, during which the extraordinary influences of the Spirit have been withheld altogether from the American Churches. In proof of this, the reader will find it exceedingly useful and interesting, to read the Letters which Dr. Sprague has appended to his excellent "Lectures on Revivals." From the description given of these awakenings, they do not appear to have consisted in the mere excitement of new life in individual congregations. Their influence invariably spread, and affected appreciably the out-lying community. But while, everywhere, from the beginning of the century, revivals were taking place in isolated localities, there may be said to have been only *four occasions* on which, since 1803, the Spirit has been poured out in such measure as to produce anything like general or national awakenings. These four occasions were in 1813-14, in 1820-21, in 1831-2, and 1857-8. The two last have unquestionably been every way the most remarkable. With regard to the revival of 1831, Mr. Angell James, in his admirable introductory essay to Sprague's Lectures, gives some interesting information from the "Narrative of the State of Religion," issued in May, 1832, by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church.

"So powerful and extensive has been the Divine influence among us," says this report, "that one district is known, where *not one adult could be found unconcerned about the subject of religion.*" "On some occasions, *a whole congregation—without one exception—*has been prostrate before God, anxiously inquiring for salvation." "From the shores of the northern lakes to the plains of Florida, from the Atlantic borders to the banks of the Missouri, we hear one united testimony, that the Lord hath appeared to build up Zion." "Probably, not less than two thousand congregations have experienced, during the last year, reviving influences; and I am, perhaps, not exceeding the truth, when I say, that not many less than a hundred thousand souls have, during the last year, been converted to God, out of a population of twelve millions."

These are striking facts. They show that the great awakening of 1831-32 was scarcely second in interest and importance to the wonderful work which is even now going on.

In offering a few remarks on the revival which is now actually in progress in the United States, we shall not occupy much of our space in describing its rise, history, or peculiari-

ties. The attention which the movement has received in this country, and the extent to which information about it has been circulated, make it needless for us to appear here as a mere chronicler of facts. We shall, therefore, devote the principal part of what remains of this paper, to some miscellaneous reflections suggested by the event.

Yet, as we should like to preserve in this journal (for the benefit of posterity at least) a brief record of what all who look at it must regard as one of the most notable religious developments of modern times, we shall preface what we have to say with a paragraph or two of simple history.

The word "Revival" occurs so constantly in the pages of American religious newspapers, that it is difficult to define the precise time when the present movement commenced. The *New York Observer* professes to have remarked decided indications of its approach, so early as in the October of last year. But, if the wave did begin to roll then, its motion was nearly imperceptible. Not till the end of January did accounts of quickened interest come in, in such numbers as to arouse particular attention; and not till the close of the following month did the idea take full possession of the public mind, that the country was again to be favoured with such a general awakening as had taken place in 1831.

The instrumental causes of the awakening are stated to have been chiefly the following: First, there was held in the end of the year, at Pittsburgh, a "Revival Convention," which contributed considerably to the excitement of a religious interest. It was attended by upwards of two hundred ministers, who, after discussing the subject in all its bearings, advised the immediate adoption of certain practical measures, with the view of re-arousing the spirit of inquiry. In particular, a pastoral letter was issued, special sermons were directed to be preached on the first Sabbath of January, and it was suggested that all should be followed up by systematic domiciliary visitation. These plans were extensively carried out, and with very encouraging consequences; all the more so, of course, because the commercial crisis, and the severe times which succeeded, rendered the hearts of the people peculiarly susceptible. The temporal distress, indeed, which prevailed so widely, may itself well be called one of the principal means of the awakening. For, apart from its direct impression upon the minds of those who experienced it, it had the effect of leading the people of God—who regarded the crisis in the light of a Divine chastisement—to pray fervently and anxiously for the sanctified use of the affliction.

We are scarcely prepared to accept the assertion of the *Tribune*, that the revival "seems to have taken its rise outside,

and to have received the Churches into itself, rather than to have been received into them." Looking at the longing manifested by Christian men, for just such a season as has come,—a longing which expressed itself in public conventions, in private prayer, and in the adoption of active measures for the gathering of the outlying population into the house of God, for the increase of Sunday-schools, and the better observance of the Sabbath,—we cannot doubt that in this, as in every other case we are acquainted with, the Spirit acted on the World, by first of all reviving His Church.

We are ready, indeed, to acknowledge, that simultaneously with the impartation of new life to the Church, there went on providential preparation of the World for the extraordinary efforts to be made on its behalf. The commercial crisis formed one element in this preparation, and perhaps the agitation on the slavery question was another—but neither of these could by themselves have brought about such results as we are now witnessing, any more than the ploughing of a field, and the breaking of its clods, could secure in the harvest time a crop of wheat.

The *symptoms* of a reviving interest were not more marked than they were satisfactory. The excitement, instead of making new and questionable channels for itself, found fitting and sufficing vent in the old and regular ordinances. The churches began visibly to fill; the neglected prayer-meetings became centres of attraction; and lastly, the attendance on the Sunday-schools grew and increased, until, in many places, it was double, treble, and even quadruple, what it had been formerly.

The final *effects* of the movement, time has yet to show. Even in regard to the conversions which are said to have taken place, we must wait to see how they stand the test of a season of reaction. It were rash, in the meantime, and while the revival is actually in progress, to speak assuredly of any of its fruits. Yet, at the same time, it may be remarked, that in one sense many of the subjects of this awakening are already "showing their deeds." Everybody knows the extent to which the business men of America have worshipped "the almighty dollar." The scramble for wealth is even more intense on the other side of the Atlantic than on this. To men engaged in the race for riches, time in very deed is money. The surrender daily, therefore, of a business hour for the sake of a prayer-meeting, must be a real sacrifice; and we hail this rising superior to the ruling passion, as one of the best proofs which have yet been furnished to us, that the revival is not merely playing superficially with the feelings, but is laying strong hold upon the conscience, and tending to change the character and life.

Among the *more striking or peculiar features* of this awakening, the *extent* of it must be noticed as something altogether unprecedented. The old states on the Atlantic seaboard, the "rising republics" in the great valley of the Mississippi, the golden regions on the Pacific shore, all have felt the same stir of quickened interest in religious things. A man, it is said, might travel from Canada to California, and find an unbroken string of prayer-meetings all the way. Other noticeable characteristics are, the quietness with which the work has proceeded; the absence of any name, such as that of Edwards, or Whitfield, or Brainerd, with which the movement might be associated; the almost unanimous approbation of the secular press; the unsectarian spirit which has distinguished the actings of the various denominations in relation to it; and the amazing effect which it seems to have had on the unhopeful classes of the community, as, for example, on the Jews, the "rowdies," the firemen, the fishermen, the sailors, &c. But, perhaps, altogether the peculiarity which stands out in the strongest relief, is the extraordinary prominence given to prayer. Mr. James, in his Introductory Essay, quotes a saying of Mr. Bruen in regard to the revival of 1831: "If it had been announced that Dr. Chalmers was to preach in the church on a week-day afternoon, and that there was to be a prayer-meeting in the court-house at the same time, the people would have gone to the place of prayer in preference." What was true of these people five-and-twenty years ago, seems true of those who have come under the influence of the awakening at the present day. Preaching appears to be comparatively little accounted of. At least the spectacle which most distinctly presents itself to the eye, as we look now across the Atlantic, is not so much that of a nation hungry for the word, as that of a nation "giving itself unto prayer."

It will be observed, that throughout we have constantly assumed that the religious awakening which has this year taken place in America, is essentially a genuine work of the Spirit of God. This is, in fact, our decided belief; although we frankly say, we are not prepared summarily to pronounce all who express a desire to suspend judgment for a time, as certainly animated by an infidel spirit. It is absurd to say that it does not require more evidence to prove the reality of an American than of an English revival. The very frequency with which religious excitements have taken place in the United States; the fact that they have occurred in connexion with almost every denomination, whether evangelical or no (the Campbellites, the Universalists, and the Chrystians—who are Unitarians—having come under their influence as well as

their neighbours), and the notoriously quick and volatile character of the people generally, form considerations which are quite sufficient to justify a man in withholding his opinion of any particular work, until he has received satisfactory information in regard to its history, nature, and fruits. The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher is represented as telling the thousands assembled for prayer in Burton's theatre, that New York is filled with a population "the most excitable in the world." The *Tribune* indicates, that great as has been the agitation for some time on the subject of religion, that agitation is exceeded, at once in intensity and extent, every fourth year, on the occasion of the presidential canvass. Nay, so peculiar is this people—so exposed are they to sudden gusts of excitement, that scarcely had the gravest ecclesiastical body in the Union (the General Assembly of the old school Presbyterians) finished its deliberations, and all-unconscious of the proximity of disturbing forces, had dissolved into its constituent elements, than the city in which it had met became the scene of a revolution! True, this city was New Orleans; but, when we find the *Observer* gravely discussing the question,—“Shall we follow this example in New York?” and proceeding to show that, although it would be very unwise to think of it, there is serious reason to fear the appointment of a Vigilance Committee even there; we cannot but feel that the state of society on the other side of the Atlantic, is in many respects so singular, that it would be utterly irrational to conclude that a great religious excitement must necessarily be, in the highest sense of the expression, a great religious revival. We believe the work, in the present instance, to be of God,—not because the agitation has extended itself widely, or because it has affected people in such a way as to bring crowds to mid-day prayer-meetings,—but *because, comparing it with the revivals of which we have an account in Scripture, we find that in its causes, symptoms, and effects, it generally corresponds with these.\**

At the same time, while we have no hesitation in expressing our conviction that the awakening now in progress is the result of an extraordinary outpouring of the Spirit, it appears to us of some moment, we should bear in mind that in many individual places and congregations the excitement may be *purely sympathetic*. The time will soon come, probably, when the flood shall subside. Men of the world, as well as Christian men, will then begin to look everywhere for tangible and abiding fruit; and

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\* The little work of Dr. Brown will be found of great value in this connexion. It points out very carefully the leading features of a genuine revival.

should it be possible to point to a city over which the wave seemed to roll, but in which no real reformation has followed, occasion will certainly be taken to discredit, or cast suspicion on the work as a whole. We would be prepared, therefore, to anticipate this objection. We take this opportunity of saying beforehand, that we do not expect the genuine spiritual growth to be co-extensive, even territorially, with the apparent awakening. "The tree which is covered with blossoms often produces little fruit. The wind which agitates the whole forest, may tear up but few trees by the root." Of the fact symbolized by these sayings, Dr. Alexander, of Princeton, gives a striking illustration:—"I have seen," he says, "a powerful religious impression pervade a large congregation at once, so that very few remained unaffected, and most expressed their feelings by the strongest signs; and yet, as it afterwards appeared, very few of them became permanently serious." And somewhere, amid the multifarious intelligence supplied to us from all quarters on this subject, we observed the other day the following curious proof that merely natural causes have had an immense deal to do, even in producing that effect, which many are in the habit of considering the most satisfactory sign of the genuineness of the revival—the crowding of the daily prayer-meetings:—

"A young man told me that in Philadelphia, where he resides, a meeting was commenced after the example of New York, and when there was no particular feeling on the part of the people, and was a number of weeks in existence, and had at the end not much over forty attending it, until the newspapers, and especially the *Ledger*—the great business-paper—*spoke favourably of it, and then thousands thronged to it.*"

The teller of this story (a writer, we find, in the *British Messenger*) naïvely adds:—

"Were the *Times*, and all the Protestant press of London, to act in the same way, at the present time, with reference to the prayer-meetings recently established there, they could easily turn out fifty thousand persons, in the course of one week, to pour out their hearts before God."

So they could, perhaps; but "*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.*" We should feel somewhat uncomfortable in the midst of a revival which could only boast of such an inspiration. In so far as the present awakening in America has been originated, as ordinary excitements are, by editorial leaders in business or political newspapers, it is, and must be, doubtful and unreliable. And as it is quite certain that, to a considerable extent, the agitation has been created and sustained in this way, we must,

we repeat, not look for fruit corresponding to the extent of ground over which the influence has spread.

These remarks lead naturally into an exceedingly interesting and important field of inquiry, which, however, we can do little more than enter. "What has been, on the whole, the advantage to the Church, or in other words, what have been the *nett religious results* of these periodical awakenings of unusual interest, which have been constantly recurring in America for more than two centuries?" The *prima facie* benefits which may be expected to follow, are marked enough to attract the attention of everybody. Dr. Goodrich\* indicates some of these with remarkable distinctness and effect. In a time of revival, he says, the Gospel acts under most favourable circumstances. It meets in the community, at such a season, co-operating forces from which commonly it derives no assistance; strongly awakened *desires*, lively *expectation*, a quick *sympathy*, an earnest spirit of *inquiry*, prolonged and exclusive *attention* to Divine truth, greater *accessibility* to personal appeals, an anxiety to come to a decision on the subject of religion, and a feeling of *unusual solemnity and awe*, inspired by a sense of the peculiar presence of the Spirit of God. While such a state of things exists, it may readily be believed that the Church's work will go on freely and prosperously. But, on the other hand, it is to be remembered that there is a dark as well as bright side to the picture. Religious revivals, like all excitements, are invariably followed by reactions. The intense fervour—the high-wrought feeling—which characterizes a time of extraordinary awakening, cannot be maintained for an indefinite series of years. The tension of mind relaxes, and, not unfrequently, just in proportion to the flow of the tidal wave, has been the extent of its ebb, or recession. In such a case, the question cannot but be raised—Is the Church, in the course (say) of a generation or two, a gainer or a loser upon the whole? This query becomes all the more important, when we reflect upon the universally acknowledged fact, that when a man goes through all the excitement of a revival, and yet comes finally out of it unconverted, he is in a decidedly worse—more hardened—more hopeless state than before. Besides, as every one acquainted with the history of Christianity in America is aware, it has been found an exceedingly difficult matter so to regulate things on such occasions, as to prevent the occurrence of very serious evils. Errors, for example, are then propagated with unwonted ease; the people, accustomed to many meetings,

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\* See article "On Revivals of Religion," in Baird's Religion in America.

and a peculiarly stirring style of address, become unsettled in their habits, and lose their taste for useful didactic teaching, and many irregularities being allowed necessarily to hold sway for the time, the order which ought to reign in the Church is seriously disturbed; and, when the agitation subsides, it is not always easy completely to restore it.

We desire to put these points strongly before the reader. There is not, we believe, much risk, judging from present appearances, of our failing to appreciate sufficiently this movement in America. The Christian heart of this country has met it with a most cordial and thankful sympathy. The fault of the British Churches seems to us to lie here, that while they are deeply convinced of the *desirableness* of a revival, they do not realize the *responsibilities* of one. At present a revival is "all white" to them. They think only of the dead sea of indifference which lies all around, and of the happy change which would ensue, if from its inmost depths it were moved and agitated. They do not consider whether if God were to answer their prayers, and send the blessing, they have really "room enough to receive it." An outpouring of the Holy Ghost is, in one respect, a fearful thing. The Church is not superseded in such a case. None of its functions are suspended. On the contrary, its obligations, duties, anxieties, and responsibilities, are increased many fold; and when we set our heart, therefore, upon such a visitation, and in private and public ceaselessly pray for it, let us do so with the distinct recollection that if the ministry of this country, for example, are not doctrinally sound, or are inexperienced in the, at that time, unspeakably important work, of dealing with souls seeking salvation—consequences may follow, so unhappy, as to give rise to the question: "Has the revival been, on the whole, a genuine blessing after all?" Dr. Alexander had, no doubt, such possibilities in view, when he said,—

"It has occurred to me—and I have heard the same sentiment from some of the most judicious and pious men that I have known—that there must be a state of the Church preferable to these temporary excitements, which are too often followed by a deplorable state of declension, and disgraceful apathy and inactivity. Why not aim at having a continuous lively state of piety, and an increasing progress in the conversion of the impenitent, without these dreadful seasons of deadness and indifference? Why may we not hope for such a state of increasing prosperity in the Church, that *revivals* shall be no longer needed; or, if you prefer the expression, when there shall be a perpetual revival?"

This, however, is by the way. We started with the inquiry:

—What have been, generally speaking, *the nett results* of American revivals? And to this question we must now make a direct reply. The Letters which Dr. Sprague has appended to his volume, furnish some useful materials which may be employed in this way. From one of these we shall make a significant extract. Dr. Porter, pastor of a Congregational church in Farmington, Connecticut, says:—

“It thus appears that, by these gracious visitations, during a period of thirty-seven years, four hundred and sixty persons have been added to the Church. Within the same period the whole number beside only a little exceeds three hundred, and of these more than one hundred have come from other Churches. Of the other two hundred how many have dated their conversion from seasons of revival, it is impossible for me to say; but, that a very large proportion of them have either reckoned their conversion from these seasons, or their receiving their first permanent impressions of Divine truth—I have no doubt. *In these few short seasons God has done far more for us than during all the protracted months and years that have intervened.* And, indeed, it has seemed to be chiefly in these, that the Church has so far renewed her strength, as to hold forth her testimony with any degree of success in the intervals. *But for revivals, as it seems to us, the Church would well nigh have ceased to exist, or have lost her distinctive character in the spirit of the world.*”

This testimony is fully confirmed by other ministers of equally large experience. The membership of the existing American Churches consists mainly of the subjects of extraordinary awakenings!! “Now it has come to pass,” says Dr. Sprague, “in these days in which we live, that far the greater number of those who are turned from darkness to light, so far as we can judge, experience this change during revivals of religion.” While, during the intervals between the visitations, congregations languish, and few comparatively are added to their communion; the invariable result of even a short season of refreshing is, immediately to swell the thinning ranks of the believers. But it has been often said, What although they are thus occasionally recruited? Sudden conversions are always suspicious and seldom lasting. The real question is not how many were gathered into the Church at such or such a time; but how many “continued steadfast in the Apostles’ doctrine and fellowship?”

Now this is a question which can, it appears, be answered quite as satisfactorily. “Whatever I possess in religion,” says the excellent bishop of Ohio, Dr. Mellvaine, “began in a revival; and the most precious, steadfast, and vigorous fruits of my ministry, have been the fruits of revivals.” “It has

been remarked by a minister," says Dr. Sprague, "who has probably been more conversant with genuine revivals than any other of his age, that his experience has justified the remark that *there is a smaller proportion of apostacies among the professed subjects of revivals, than among those who make a profession, when there is no unusual attention to religion.*" These statements go far, in our opinion, definitely to settle the case. Even admitting that after the excitement of a revival, the Church sinks, for a time, into an apathetic state, still, during the excitement, souls in unusual numbers, are brought out of darkness into light; and this being the case, we have no difficulty in expressing our conviction, that the nett results of the American revivals are such as to justify earnest prayers being offered here, that similar visitations should be vouchsafed to the British Churches.

There is another question in connexion with this subject, which has been asked more frequently than, perhaps, any other: "In what relation is this revival to stand to the *slavery* of America?" The same feeling which leads the world to look narrowly at the conduct of individual Christians, and to judge of their religion not by their profession, but by its fruits, has led very many to take up the position, that if the awakening does not instantly tell in the way of removing the most glaring inconsistency which can possibly disfigure the character of a professedly free and Christian nation, it must be itself a merely earthly and fanatical excitement. Now, we cannot but think that this position is a somewhat unreasonable one. A revival of religion must affect the genuine subjects of it, so as to move them to abandon their personal sins; but there is nothing in history that would entitle us to expect that the communication of new life to a large number of individuals should immediately issue in the eradication of deep-rooted and time-honoured national abuses. But, although our belief in the Divine origin of this work will not be shaken, though slavery should continue to exist; we are, at the same time, free to say, that we so far sympathize with "the world" in its way of determining the genuineness of a Christian profession—that if the American Churches persist in blowing hot and cold, in regard to this now manifestly testing question, they will only have themselves to blame, if their "good comes to be evil spoken of." Mr. James, in his excellent "Address," accounts for the frequency with which America has been favoured with extraordinary outpourings of the Spirit, by saying that it is a great nation, and has a great destiny, and stands much in need of great preparation. A glance at the existing state of society in the country will suggest a homelier reason. The Church there has a great

and difficult work to do *at once*, in meeting the evils which lie all around it; and to equip it for *this* work, may be the simple design of its being "endued with power from on high." We have been for several years a constant reader of the *New York Observer*,—a newspaper representing no particular denomination, but advocating the views of a very large and influential class, the religious and political conservatives of the "States." A very respectable journal it is, and in many respects able. It has devoted of late a large portion of its space to news of the great Revival. Reading such a paper, we feel as if moving in the very best religious society, equally removed from the unbelief of the Parkerists, and the ill-regulated zeal of Kentucky Methodists, or Shakers. Shall we say, then, what impression moving in such society for so long has had on our mind? It is this, and we state it with great regret,—*that one could hardly breathe a more unwholesome atmosphere.*

We are not among the number of those who cry out against America, because it does not emancipate its slaves immediately. We are perfectly ready to admit that "Abolitionism," technically so called, may often have injured the cause, instead of furthering it; and we cannot but feel that some of its advocates, might go about their great work with greater prudence and wisdom. But, while we make these admissions, it would not be possible to condemn in terms too strong, the conduct of those who, along with high pretensions to orthodoxy, and excessive zeal for the purity of the Church, throw the shield of their protection over, and give virtual support to the crying curse, sin, and shame, of their country. The very large, and eminently "respectable" body, represented by the *Observer*, *do this*. The refusal of the American Tract Society to meddle with the slaveholder at all, even so far as to hint to him that he has certain peculiar duties to perform, is hailed by this party as a grand moral triumph! In the very heart of the revival series, when whole columns of the paper were filled with accounts of awakenings, there appeared an article, heavily leaded, by "A Massachusetts Layman," soberly and sanctimoniously arguing that to utter a word against that innocent class of men, who hold their fellow-creatures in bondage, is to be guilty of the sin of "evil speaking!" What can be more detestable than this? In regard to this matter, darkness covers the land, and thick darkness the people. There are many bright exceptions to the rule—both as regards individuals, and as regards Churches—but as a whole, the religious sentiment of America is not sound upon this subject. And unless religion is to be divorced from morality—unless times of refreshing are to stop short of being times of refor-

motion, we must expect that one effect of the revival shall be, *the purification of the public opinion of the Churches.*

The actual emancipation of the slaves is one thing : the judgment of religious men about slavery is another thing. We shall not suspect this movement of being a spurious revival, because it does not issue in *immediate* abolition. But we do think that worldly men will have good cause to remain in doubt of the reality of the work, if many of those who have been engaged in it, continue to speak, as still writes the *New York Observer*.

Our limited space forbids our proceeding further: and now we have room only to say a single word in regard to the two books which are named, at the head of the article. There are two questions of direct interest to us at the present time. First, what are the *facts*\* of the religious revival in America; and second, what are the bearings of the American revival on the duties and hopes of British Christians? Both of these questions are answered in a remarkably distinct and satisfactory way, in the papers read before the Congregational Union, by Mr. Charles Reed and Mr. Angell James. We are acquainted with no small publications on the subject, which could be circulated in our Churches with greater advantage. Dr. Brown's book is a reprint, or new edition, of an address, delivered in 1839, before the United Associate Presbytery of Edinburgh. Dealing with the general and ever-important questions, "What is a revival of religion, and how is it to be obtained and manifested;" it has not lost any of its original freshness and point. A preface, notes, and an appendix, connect it besides, directly with the present movement; and, written as it is, in the venerable author's usual thorough and thoughtful style, it is well deserving an attentive perusal, by all who wish to form a sober, well-considered judgment of this whole subject.

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\* There is one of Mr. Reed's "Facts" which admits of a little correction. He speaks of the revival of 1801 as having taken place under Edwards. Edwards died in 1758.

## ART. V.—DOMENECH'S MISSIONARY ADVENTURES.

*Missionary Adventures in Texas and Mexico: a Personal Narrative of Six Years' Sojourn in those Regions.* By the Abbé Domenech. London: Longman & Co.

THE ABBÉ DOMENECH has transferred to the territories on the banks of the San Antonio and the Rio Grande, in Texas and Mexico, that interest which the Abbé Hue knew so well how to give to the scenery of, and life in, China. The work of the Texan missionary reads more like a romance than a serious and unvarnished narrative of adventure; the pictures of society and home are so rough and irregular; the miniature world there is represented so disjointed and dangerous, that we are at first inclined to imagine the author is simply testing our powers of credence, and has accordingly drawn largely upon his imagination, to fill up the outlines which simple truth had traced.

With an excusable reservation, however, we are bound to admit that this book of extraordinary travel possesses every right to our confidence; and that while tracking the footsteps of the Abbé Domenech, which he has enabled us to do in the vivid descriptions he gives us, we may implicitly rely upon the authenticity of the statements, however marvellous. It is true we can scarcely conceive how it is possible to live and be happy in a country, where every man's hand seems to be raised against his neighbour; where the law is disregarded, from the inefficiency of the central government to enforce its execution; where each member is the sentinel of his own safety; and where the shedding of blood, and even of life, is held to be a mere bagatelle. Alarm and dread, we imagine, to say nothing of those natural and physical inconveniences, arising from the ceaseless presence of mosquitoes, flies, scorpions, heat, and drought, must naturally drive us away from such inhospitable regions. But the excitement of danger, and the stimulus of privation, seem to possess a fascinating power; and the veteran, who has passed his early days in the camp and the field, finds the quietness of the barracks irksome and galling. Even the Abbé Domenech, whose six years' labours in these wild climates sufficed to destroy his health, and break up his constitution, pines after the forest and the plain, the river and the torrent, and the travellings and wanderings of former times, from his monastic solitude; and would even now rather

be traversing trackless woods, in imminent peril of life from Indian and robber, than reading his breviary in the cloistered avenues of a French cathedral.

We have been bound to make a reservation in our high estimate of the Abbé Domenech's work. It is extremely interesting in every page; but then it is essentially Catholic, and not a little French. The prejudices of the Catholic priest become eminently conspicuous, whenever the author has to refer either to the communion to which he belongs, to the character of Protestants, to the treatment of Irishmen, or the conduct of Americans, in relation to the Mexicans. On such occasions, he indulges in assertions, which are not only false but ridiculous; and he seems to take a pride in depreciating the one at the expense of the other. Is a poor Irish soldier punished, it is not because he has violated the discipline of his regiment, but because he is a Catholic; are the Mexicans compared with the United States, the character of the former is made to shine forth magnificently: order and prosperity flourish only within the Mexican frontiers, whilst that of the latter is cast into the shade, or overwhelmed with vituperation; "ants" and "Methodists" are mentioned in the same category, as noisome vermin; and Protestant ministers of all denominations are denounced, as wanting that devotion, zeal, and fearlessness, which, according to the abbé's version, is to be found only and exclusively in the bosom of the Roman Church. Some prisoners are condemned to death at Camargo.

"In the evening," comments the abbé, "the American prisoners received the tardy visit of their consul, of their minister, and of a doctor. These gentlemen brought with them coarse linen garments, that their countrymen might be decently clad for the ceremony of execution; and they returned home, after smoking cigars for an hour with the unfortunate prisoners. I could not refrain from contrasting this kind of philanthropic consolation with Christian charity."

The Christian charity being his own ministration, and kindly offer of a *viaticum*, or passport to heaven.

The work is essentially Catholic; it is also essentially French. In the narration of the different adventures which the Abbé Domenech experienced, there prevails a tone of vanity and egotism, which is peculiar to the *naïve* self-possession of a Frenchman, and which, in the present instance, we only notice to pardon. The intrusion of self is not always acceptable; but in the volume before us there is so much that is absorbingly interesting, so much that is novel and attractive, that we are not at once aware of the exaggerated proportions the narrator

assumes in the scene, until, by some national or educational prejudice, he makes us feel it; but then he as quickly sounds a retreat, and we run through many pleasant pages of description, before the abbé startles us again with the consciousness of his conspicuous presence.

Towards the end of 1845, Dr. Odin, vicar-apostolic of Texas, preached at Lyons a missionary sermon, and called upon the youth of that city, who were being educated for the ministry, to engage in missionary labour in his diocese. "I was not quite twenty years of age at the time," the Abbé Domenech writes, "nor had I entirely completed my ecclesiastical studies; still feeling myself urged forward by some invisible hand towards this unknown future of trials and sacrifices, I offered the bishop of Texas my services, which were accepted." On the 20th of March, 1846, accordingly, he embarked on board the American frigate, "*Elizabeth Ellen*," at Havre, and sailed for New Orleans, which city he reached about the middle of May. From the capital of Louisiana the abbé proceeded up the Mississippi to St. Louis, the *Queen of the West*, where he was to remain for a year or two in the ecclesiastical college to complete the theological studies interrupted by the voyage from Europe, and prepare for the apostolic life of the missions. The descriptions which the author gives of the scenery of this magnificent river are lively and charming; but we will not pause to repeat them, for how often have not they been produced by other pens? At the end of the two years the abbé descended the Mississippi to New Orleans, where he got on board the steamer for Galveston, the principal port of Texas, and the episcopal residence of that vast region. The passage across the Gulf of Mexico was not without its perils, and the vessel in which the young missionary had taken his berth encountered a storm, which at one time threatened to become fatal. A swallow had taken refuge in the ship during the tempest, and after several ineffectual efforts had been made by some of the passengers to capture it, the poor thing alighted on one of the ropes near the Abbé Domenech. "I caught it without difficulty, caressed it, and as it was wet and trembling, warmed it in my bosom. The little creature's courage seemed to revive, and I fancied it was pleased with my attention, as it manifested no desire to escape. Although not naturally superstitious, yet in this simple incident I searched for some augury, which, however, my sterile imagination failed to suggest."

The geographical limits of Texas have not hitherto been very clearly defined; we therefore extract the following statement of the boundaries and the country from the work before us:—

"Texas is an Indian word which signifies 'a hunting ground abounding in game.' Its superficial extent is about 120,000 square miles. It is bounded on the south by the Gulf of Mexico, on the east by the Sabina, which separates it from Louisiana, on the north by the Red River, the Arkansas, and the Indian territory, on the north-west by New Mexico, and on the west by the Rio Grande, also called Rio del Norte or Rio Bravo. The inhabitants of this country increase so rapidly that it is impossible to state their exact number. In 1848, the population was estimated at 400,000, independently of Indians, who have never suffered the census to be taken in their tribes. I am inclined, however, to think that this number is an exaggeration. The Mexicans were then the most numerous, notwithstanding all that compilers of statistics have stated to the contrary; next the Anglo-Americans, and then the Germans.

"The number of black slaves who work in the plantations is very considerable. Texas is divided into 117 counties, including the three counties of Bexar, the two of Bosque, and the two of San Patricio, each of which has a capital or chief town. The majority of their capitals scarcely merit the name of village. The principal rivers are: on the west, the Rio Grande, which is navigable for more than 200 miles, the Nueces, the Rio Frio, and the San Antonio; in the centre of the country, the Colorado and the Brazos; on the east, the Trinity, the Meches, and the Sabina; and on the north the Red River. Most of these rivers are navigable only at their mouths. They receive innumerable tributaries, which irrigate and fertilize immense prairies. The bays of Galveston and Matagorda abound with fish. In the bay of Matagorda tortoises are found weighing more than 330 lbs., also sword fish measuring more than two yards in length, and sharks in abundance. The entire coast of Texas is formed of hills of fine white sand, of slight elevation; between it and the sea is a line of long narrow islands and oyster banks, against which the waves lash themselves into foam. These islands are frequented by myriads of sea fowl, and especially by pelicans, some of which attain an enormous size.

"All the southern part of Texas extends to the sea in sandy plains and swamps, which, as they ascend towards the north, become more elevated, fertile, and undulating; and are clothed with a rich herbage which supports vast herds of cattle, sheep, and horses. The mountains appear only in the north-west, as the advanced sentinels of the Andes and the Rocky Mountains. The prairies are divided by forests which extend along the rivers. The most common trees are the cedar, the magnolia, the sycamore, the ebony, the mesquita, the sugar maple, the fir tree, the pacane, many varieties of the acacia, oaks, and palm trees, and others indigenous to hot climates. The cotton of Texas is superior to that of Louisiana. It is principally cultivated on the banks of the Brazos. The tobacco of Nacogdoches is said to be better than that of the United States. Maize grows everywhere, and the produce of the sugar-cane is more abundant than in Louisiana. The flora, though not rich, is varied. The nopal and all the many varieties of the cactus flourish here in

abundance. Few discoveries have been made in mineralogy, and metallurgy is imperfectly understood. Silver, iron, and antimony, however, have been found in the country. The climate is very hot; but it is tempered by regular breezes which come from the Gulf of Mexico, or down from the mountains."

The population of this vast region is divided by the Abbé Domenech according to their varieties of religious belief. The Mexicans and Indo-Mexicans are, it appears, Catholics; the Creoles, though not a numerous body in Texas, also profess the Catholic faith; among the Anglo-Americans, Methodism and Presbyterianism prevail; Episcopalians, Baptists, and Quakers, are greatly in the minority, and the Mormons can boast of but one establishment in the country. As to the Indians, the religion varies with the tribe. The Comanches worship the sun and the light, are very superstitious, and stand in great awe of their priests, who are their prophets and physicians, and give them amulets, to preserve them from every danger from man and beast. The other Indians worship the Great Spirit, whom they place in heaven, whence he extends his protection to them. All they pray for is success in the chase and rich booty in the pillage.

The following account of the customs of some of the aboriginal tribes is too curious to be omitted :—

"The stationary tribes do not bury their dead, but heap branches of trees and earth on the bodies to protect them from wolves and other wild animals. The bodies are heaped promiscuously one over the other, so that, should the tribe remain for any considerable time in the same place, the pile assumes the form of mounds or hillocks of dead, which the whites call an *Indian Mount*. The Lipans, on the contrary, and other wandering tribes, bury their dead here and there in trenches, generally in the depths of woods and thickets. They conceal the body under alternate layers of earth and branches, then cover the grave with green-sward, and over it interlace the boughs of trees in the most graceful manner, thus forming a kind of rustic vault, which serves to shelter and protect the lonely tomb. Notwithstanding the minute historical researches I have instituted, with a view of discovering the origin of the first inhabitants of Texas, and the first European establishments in these countries, I have failed in collecting any exact information as to events which occurred prior to the seventeenth century. Historians are either entirely silent as to the *points de départ*, the degrees and the distance, or dismiss the subject with a few vague and unsatisfactory indications. The name of the country, as well as the name of its tribes and rivers, has been changed. At the beginning of the Christian era, a colony of Fultees seems to have settled on the banks of the Rio-Grande. Historians have often made mention of this powerful tribe; but

without any authority whatever, for it left no other trace of its existence than a vague tradition. The Toltees, before their emigration into Mexico in the seventeenth century, had inhabited the north-western part of Texas, between the Rio-Grande, the Red River, and the southern portion of New Mexico. This tribe, the most ancient of all those of which we have any knowledge, subjected Mexico to its laws, and had some idea of the sciences and the useful arts. The spirit of their laws was mild, their customs characterized by benevolence, their religion an imperfect imitation of Catholicism. They cultivated maize, and knew the use of chocolate; and cacao nuts served them as money. There can be no doubt that that part of Texas which is so much frequented at the present day by the Comanches, and more particularly the banks of the Colorado, was peopled by the Aztecs at the beginning of the twelfth century, that is, before one of their chiefs, called Huitziton, led them to the conquest of Mexico. This was a work of no small labour, and was not accomplished until towards the middle of the thirteenth century. At that epoch the Aztecs completely destroyed the work of the Toltees, extended their empire, and instituted the sacrificing of human victims, which increased so fearfully during the sixteenth century. This mighty empire fell, as all know, in 1551, with Quauhtemozin, their last monarch. There is no resemblance whatever between the Aztecs, a brave, spirited race of men, tall, well proportioned, and vigorous, and the two pretended Aztecs, who were lately exhibited in Europe; nor have they anything in common with the brave adversaries of Fernando Cortes, save the name, which has been given them without any historic grounds. I am disposed to believe that if the pure Aztec blood exists at the present day, it runs in the veins of the Comanches. The Aztecs were idolaters. They adored no living creature, as some historians state: the objects of their worship were various idols. The Otonites were a great and widely-spread nation in the sixteenth century. They inhabited a large territory, which stretches along the borders of the Gulf of Mexico, and extends far inland from the province of Panuco to Nueces. The Otonites were idolaters, and rose frequently in arms against their Mexican conquerors."

After giving a brief and interesting sketch of the history and struggles of Texas, as well as a picture of Galveston, its capital, the Abbé Domenech fairly commences his narrative of the trials and sacrifices he had to endure in his missionary vocation. At first he only suffered what every traveller suffers in common. At Houlston, "a wretched little town, composed of about twenty shops, and a hundred huts, dispersed here and there among trunks of trees," he has to rest for the night. It is, however, infested with "Methodists and ants;" the ants crawl along the streets and through every room in endless procession, the ceiling, the walls, the floor, being traversed in every direction by the dark and ever-moving columns of their battalions.

When he awakes in the morning he is seized with an itching all over his body, having been stung from head to foot by these lively insects. *Posting* is not so pleasant also as it might be. When the abbé wishes to set out for his destination in the interior, he finds the post a cart, a species of springless waggon, drawn by four powerful horses. Bridges constructed of a plank or two, and strewed with branches of trees span the rivers, and over these the mail-coach flies at full gallop. On crossing the Buffalo in this western fashion of travelling he is alarmed, for the bridge is not above six or seven feet in width, and the slightest accident would have precipitated cart, horses, postboy, and passenger into the water. The jumping and jolting of the vehicle was also distressing, not to say that the bounding over stumps and striking against trees was sometimes dangerous.

"In the evening I descried," such is the Abbé Domenech's own tale, "a little hill in the distance, gilded by the last rays of the sun; it was the burying place of an Indian tribe—a heap of forgotten graves bathed in a flood of light. Such was the only monument—the only trace of man's sojourn. Whilst thus lost in the depths of my own reflections, and contemplating the setting sun, my postboy fell asleep, and the horses, left to themselves, came upon a ravine, into which our waggon was thrown, as a matter of course, while the charioteer and myself were flung on the opposite bank by the shock. 'Are any of your bones smashed?' said my driver, starting from his sleep. 'No,' I replied. 'Good! then there is no harm done.' 'No harm done! Why, if this mode of travelling continued for four or five days it is impossible that I should arrived at San Antonio with an unbroken bone in my body.'"

This, however, was but an early specimen of the perils of travel in Texas. There is the raving torrent, the waterless prairie, the prowling panther, the lurking Indian, the desperate white man, converted by the ferocity of his nature into a highway robber to be guarded against; yet these pests of civilized life are all encountered as we encounter diseases of the body, and escape from them, if escape be achieved, only gives a greater zest to the adventure, whilst the dangers themselves are looked back upon with an indescribable feeling of gratification. However, notwithstanding the difficulties and dangers of the road, the Abbé Domenech arrived safely at San Antonio, of which town he furnishes an interesting and useful description:—

"San Antonio, like the majority of Mexican towns, is remarkable for a large square which occupies its centre. In the middle of this square stands the church, with its thick walls, its massive quadrangular steeple, and insignificant cupola raised over the choir.

Surrounding the square on all sides are rows of large houses built of stone, whitewashed, with flat roofs and terraces, and windows few in number, and very small. Here and there clumps of Chinese lilacs. The streets are straight, but filthy, and encumbered with oxen and waggons, either quite disabled or covered all over with mud. Court-yards or kitchen gardens, where grow, without culture or without the exhibition of any taste as to the planting, lilacs, fig-trees, pomegranates, and peach-trees. At present, in the construction of buildings, stone is beginning to replace bamboos, *adaubes*, or bricks burned in the sun, and cabins built with the branches of trees. At that time the population, which for the most part was Mexican, did not exceed three or four thousand. The dress of the men is picturesque and graceful, although not so rich as in the interior of Mexico. The broad-leafed hat is decorated with silver ornaments; the vest is short, and, when it is of buckskin, the sleeves are open to the elbow, and ornamented with silver buttons. The pantaloons, too, are garnished with buttons, and open to the hips, but buttoned from the knee upwards. They are of skin, cloth, or blue velvet, bordered with large bands of black velvet. A cincture of blue or red silk, with fringe, completes the costume. The Mexican women are scantily clad, wearing only a chemise with very low front, and a petticoat. When they leave the house, they wear a gown of thin silk, and cover the entire person with a scarf, which hangs about them in the most graceful folds.

"San Antonio is situated between the 29th and 30th degree of north latitude, and in the 100th degree of west longitude. Its position, near the north-eastern frontier of Mexico, makes it a place of great importance. It is the principal *dépôt* for the merchandise of the United States, which is conveyed hence to Monclova, Monterey, Saltillo, Paso del Norte, and even to San Luis de Potosi, in the interior of Mexico. Every week arrive, from different localities, long caravans of ponderous waggons with massive wheels, drawn by oxen, and superintended by rich Mexican traders, who come here to lay in a stock of muslins, cottons of all kinds, soap, sugar, flour, and coffee."

The first experiences of the abbé on the theatre of his labours were not encouraging. The priests who served the mission of San Antonio were Spaniards, and inhabited a large dreary store-house at the western extremity of the square, in which, there being no room for the new-comer, he was lodged in a garret divided off as a store-room for culinary provisions, such as garlic, onions, pimento, and vegetables which were put there to dry. His furniture consisted of a miserable kind of camp-bed, without either mattress or palliasso, a crazy table, and two chairs, one of which wanted a bottom, the other a leg, whilst the public bier served as a sort of sofa; one small window and a dormer skylight admitted the sun, the air, and the rain; and to keep him company, dormice, rats, spiders, musquitoes,

and insects of every denomination lived and broiled in myriads, in his narrow tenement. What made the matter worse was the necessity of being kept a close prisoner within its walls, hardly able to breathe, unable to study, and dying of *ennui*, for it was impossible to walk through the town in the shelterless heat, nor outside its precincts for fear of the Indians. The parish priest, the abbé assures us, could not accompany a corpse to the cemetery, which was not more than a pistol shot from his house, without being protected by armed men.

It must be remembered, too, that at this time the abbé was unacquainted with the Spanish language, and was therefore unable to converse with those around. How sweet then must have been a *rencontre* like the following :—

“This want of air, exercise, and mental occupation brought on a very singular malady. Fainting fits, which on each occasion lasted for a considerable time, and which came on so suddenly that it was never in my power to call for assistance, seized me once or twice every day. One evening, more than usually oppressed by a host of gloomy thoughts, I sat contemplating from my narrow skylight the graves beneath me, with their rustic crosses and white head-stones scorched in the sun; my ill-defined desires and aspirations were ascending to the throne of the God of all consolation. I dared not complain somehow, and yet I suffered intensely—all at once I heard a coarse voice chant forth in French the following words :—

“ ‘ Oh ! surtout cache-lui  
D’où vient mon ennui . . . ? ’

At a bound I was on my legs, at the aperture of my pigeon-box, to find out who it was that sung thus. I discovered that it was a mason who worked at a neighbouring wall.

“ ‘ You are a Frenchman ? ’ cried I, deeply affected by the meeting.

“ ‘ A Frenchman, without a doubt, and a Comtois too, at your service. But who are you, and what in Heaven’s name are you doing at that skylight ? ’

“ ‘ I, too, am a Frenchman. I am preparing for the mission of Texas. The bishop has sent me here that I might escape the fevers of Galveston ; but I have no acquaintance ; and I never leave my garret except to go to church ; hence the voice of a countryman made me leap for joy. ’

“ ‘ At that rate, with no one to speak to, your time must hang heavily enough upon you. If you think well of it, I’ll come and see you after my work, and we’ll have a little chat together. ’ ”

How the abbé contrived to subsist at San Antonio must always remain a mystery to his readers. His food was not only of the commonest kind, but he could procure so little of it, that he was frequently on the verge of starvation, his parish-

ioners evidently imagining that their priest needed not the same nourishment and food as themselves. The energetic priest was not alone in suffering and privation. His colleague, the Abbé Dubuis, and a friend, who shared with them their lot, were also reduced frequently to the verge of destitution. It appears that these three compatriots subsisted chiefly on what they could procure by shooting; and that on the occasion of a rambling excursion, the Abbé Domenech had managed to kill a rattlesnake, which had attacked him, and bring it home. The next day they sat down to dinner; the bill of fare, however, such was the state of the larder, included but three eggs. What was to be done? A proposition was made that they should eat the serpent. The proposition was agreed to, the Abbé Dubuis remarking, that if the flesh proved good, they would have in future wherewith to satisfy their appetite, nay, even to exceed the bounds of moderation, should they be so inclined. Accordingly, the Abbé Domenech summoned to his aid all his culinary skill to dress the serpent, and in a very short time, it appeared on the table, stripped of its skin, deprived of head and tail, cut into small pieces, gutted, and well spiced with cayenne pepper. The new dish seemed palatable enough; it tasted somewhat of frogs and tortoise, but their natural repugnance to it was insurmountable—the idea of eating a serpent shocking their stomachs. However, they afterwards found a resource in the flesh of the crocodile; but this kind of food was rarely to be obtained—the difficulty of capturing so formidable an edible animal being the chief objection. The Abbé Domenech gives an animated description of the first crocodile he caught:—

“I arrived at length at a bend of the river where the water calmly reposed under the shadow of enormous fig trees. Athwart the foliage the sun's rays gilded the parti-coloured water-lilies, which formed the framework of this sparkling mirror. The chase was soon forgotten, and whilst I stood admiring this lovely spot, the leaves of the water-lilies were agitated, and I observed them disappear, and form, as it were, a pathway under the water. It at once occurred to me that some large fish was taking his promenade through this delicious aquatic garden, when suddenly I recognised the bony, dark brown back of a crocodile.

“In general, when I apprehend even an imaginary danger, my first impulse is to avoid it; nevertheless, should any useful object be attained by confronting it, my second impulse brings me into its presence; hence I resolved on killing this amphibious creature, with a view to increase our stock of provisions. Being provided with small shot only, I charged the gun heavily with it, in the fervent hope that the animal would turn the side of his head towards me. I raised the gun to my shoulder, and stood ready to fire. But whether

it was ill-luck, or that the crocodile suspected danger, the fact is, he only exposed the front of his head. At length, however, he did make the desired move: I fired, and the animal disappeared under water. Have I missed him? No. Something comes up to the surface of the water. I leaped for joy on perceiving that it was the crocodile's belly. In truth I was very proud. This animal is so hideous that I had no pity for him. I called out to my companion with all my strength. He at the same moment was hurling anathemas against my shot, the report of which had frightened some partridges which he had kept in view for the last quarter of an hour. Still, fearing that some accident had occurred, he ran towards me in all haste, and entered into all my delight at the sight of this enormous piece of game, which floated like a quantity of wood on the surface of the water. Still our task was only half done: it remained for us to secure the prize. The river, on issuing from the basin, became very narrow and rapid. Our enormous prey floated down with the current, very slowly, to be sure, but should it once reach this narrow spot, it was entirely lost to us. The basin was very deep, so that we durst not venture in, as neither of us could swim; and although at the place where the river entered, it was shallow enough, yet there was danger of being carried into the deep water beyond our depth by the strength of the current. Quite undecided as to how we should manage, and filled with disagreeable misgivings, we followed the motion of the crocodile with anxious minds. Fortunately, a tree which floated down before it, arrived crosswise, having encountered some obstacle at the point where the river issues from the basin, stopped, and arrested the motion of the crocodile. Time was thus afforded to consider what was best to be done.

"I recollected there was a farm-house on the other side of the river, about half-a-mile distant from us. I resolved, therefore, to cross the river with my clothes on, a task of no small difficulty, a dangerous one too, as I was up to my arm-pits in water. Having reached the farm-house, I found no one there, and retraced my steps quite out of sorts. The second passage of the river was even more dangerous than the first, and I was nigh falling into a hole, into which the water flung itself with tremendous fury. What was to be done now? We cut a long thick *liane*, which was to be our harpoon; and having advanced into the water up to the waist, I cast it over the crocodile's back (for by this time his back was again uppermost), and we by this means drew him to the bank. All at once, his tail commenced to lash our legs. Off we set at the top of our speed, uttering cries of horror the while. We fancied that those jaws of eighteen inches, and armed with sixty-seven long sharp teeth, were at our heels. At length we stopped. 'Sure as a gun,' said I, 'he is dangerously wounded, and these movements of the tail are either the last convulsions of expiring life, or merely the agitation of the water which we set in motion.' This tail, too, was to me a subject of serious reflection. Report said it was excellent for culinary purposes; it would serve, therefore, to save, in a very satisfactory way, our provisions of dried and smoked meat. Having re-charged my

pistol and rifle, we returned, but the crocodile had not moved. I fired point-blank into his eye, and under the shoulder, not indeed without trembling a little. He was dead at last, there could be no doubt about it now. In length he measured ten feet, and in circumference, round the middle of the carcass, four feet."

But the kind of subsistence derived from hunting proved precarious, and the abbé was very nearly on the point of dying of starvation, notwithstanding his active ministrings amongst his congregation. This was not to be endured; and a last appeal is made:—

"The Abbé Dubuis wished to put an end to this miserable state of things, and after the sermon on the following Sunday he addressed the faithful, reminding them of the good which we had done to the colony both materially and morally.—'We teach seventy-two of your children, and yet you give nothing, not even for their books, which we often furnish gratis. We are about to build a church which will cost you scarcely anything, thanks to our collections, and still you leave us to die of hunger. Call to mind that on one occasion I was not able to preach because I had had no food for forty-eight hours; and that my first colleague, the Abbé Chazelle, died of want still more than of grief. Thus, since we are made up of bones and flesh, and cannot exist without food, we give you warning that to-morrow we shall quit this colony to seek a residence where more consideration will be shown for us, if from this day forward you do not provide us with the means of living for each mouth (and in advance), whether in money or in kind, and a half piastre over and above for each pupil attending the school (the children of widows and of the poor we except from this rule). If the first instalment is not paid in before this evening, to-morrow you will no longer see us.' The flock was ashamed of its avarice; a collection was made on the spot; and from that day forth we suffered no more from hunger."

The privations and sufferings of the missionary labourer at San Antonio told upon his health and constitution. Hunger, fatigue, cold, heat, and rain, ceaseless care, and responsibility, produced depression of spirits, and, subsequently, fever. But there was no rest for the Abbé Domenech, so long as he could crawl from his couch; and he at length determined upon returning to France. This he did, with the permission of the bishop, revisited his friends at Lyons, and proceeded as far as Rome, where he obtained an interview with the Pope, who received him graciously, and presented him with a purse of gold. But once put in a valetudinarian condition, the aching desire to return to Texas overcame every other consideration; and he once more embarked for that rude and magnificent country.

He was not, however, appointed to his old station on the banks of the San Antonio, but became transferred to Browneville, on the Rio Grande, the frontier town on the borders of the Mexican territory. There he enjoyed more of the luxuries of life; society not being so primitive and coarse; and he was never distressed for the want of a mouthful of bread. But then his duties were laborious, his time was incessantly occupied; he had to traverse vast districts by night and day, amid cold and heat, to baptize, to marry, or perform the last offices for the dying; and this once more laid him prostrate, and he was compelled to return to his native country, where, in the too quiet solitudes of his monastic home, he has written this most interesting narrative of missionary adventures in Texas and Mexico. We have been able to give but a very faint idea of the fascinating contents of the volume; but we refer the reader to its pages, satisfied that he will reap abundant pleasure and information from its perusal. We have already stated that it is deeply tinged with a Catholic feeling; that it is written with a view to exalt the character and success of Catholic missions, and to stimulate home Christians to aid in supporting the College of the Propagandists; and we have only stated it to place readers on their guard against accepting, too readily, statements, which the bias of the priest evidently lead him to misinterpret.

#### ART. VI.—SNOW'S TWO YEARS' CRUISE OFF TIERRA DEL FUEGO.

*A Two Years' Cruise off Tierra del Fuego; the Falkland Islands, &c.* By W. Parker Snow, late Commander of the Mission Yacht Ellen Gardiner; with Charts and Illustrations. In Two Vols., pp. 376 and 368. London: Longmans and Co.

WE ought to apologize to Captain Snow for allowing his interesting book to lie so long unnoticed. But the controversy in which he has engaged with the Patagonian Society respecting the *modus operandi* of their mission has been the stumbling block in our path. We have read both sides of the question carefully, and we fain would leave it where we found it. What if we should have come to the *singular* conclusion that there has been fault on both sides! No! we will keep to our resolution. Premising then that we keep out of sight altogether this unfortunate dispute, we can most heartily recommend this "Voyage to the South Seas," as one full of incident and informa-

tion. For the information of our readers we may state that the author was appointed to the command of the "Ellen Gardiner" by the Patagonian Missionary Society. The object of the mission in sending out this vessel was to establish a station and a depôt on one of the West Falkland Islands; from which attempts were to be made to evangelize the Fuegians and Patagonians—the "Ellen Gardiner" to be employed on the station as a mission yacht. It is the history of the voyage out to the Falkland Islands; touching at St. Vincent's, the Cape de Verde Islands, and Rio Janeiro, on their way, and of the various cruises to Monte Video and back, to Tierra del Fuego, &c., while on the station, altogether embracing a period of near three years, that is recorded in these volumes. Captain Snow has the rare faculty of keen and minute observation; and this combined with a power of graphic description renders him an exceedingly intelligent and interesting guide to those comparatively unknown regions. We will just give our readers an extract or two as specimens, and then we must refer our readers to the volumes themselves; promising them much valuable information, and many amusing incidents. The first relates to Jemmy Button, a Fuegian, who, it will be recollected, was brought home by Captain Fitzroy, of the Beagle Expedition, and after having been educated here in England, at the end of three years was again taken out by that officer. It was part of Captain Snow's instructions to discover this man, if possible. "The idea struck me," says Captain Snow, "that by hoisting the British colours it would be the means of inducing Jemmy Button, if he were alive and in this neighbourhood, to come off to me. When, therefore, I saw the two canoes paddling towards us, I determined to hail them and make inquiries; but I did not shorten sail until one of the canoes, outstripping the other, came near. I did not, however, do more than deaden the ship's way, as we were close in-shore, and I wanted to reach Woollya before dark; but standing on the raised platform aft, I sang out to the natives interrogatively, 'Jemmy Button? Jemmy Button?' To my amazement and joy, almost for a moment rendering me speechless, an answer came from one of the four men in the canoe, 'Yes, yes; Jam-mes Button! Jam-mes Button!' at the same time pointing to the second canoe, which had nearly got alongside. To down with the helm, throw the ship up on the wind close under the high mountains, shorten sail, call all hands upon deck, and put the vessel's head in the bay towards Button Island, was but the work of an instant. . . . Voices enough were soon heard from all quarters, on board and alongside, as the first canoe, having got abreast of us, remained at a small distance off; while the second canoe, with a stout, wild, and shaggy-looking man standing up in it, came close to. 'Jam-mes Button, *me!* Jam-mes Button, *me!*' shouted the new comer—"Jam-mes Button *me!* where's the ladder!"—Vol. II. pp. 29-30. The arrival of the Fuegian created no small astonishment which was vented by one of the sailors after this fashion: "Well, I'm blowed! What a queer thing! This beats me out and out! There's that blear-eyed, dirty-looking,

naked savage speaking as clearly to the skipper as one of us, and I be hanged, too, if he isn't as perlit as if he'd been brought up in a parlour, instead of born in this outlandish place! Well, it *is* queer; and so is the whole affair. I can't make it out. Fair winds, never any harm; lots of wild barbarians civil to us; and now one of 'em talking as plain a'most as ourselves! It knocks me down, quite!" We have not space to follow Jemmy further. Suffice it to say, that Captain Snow was rather disappointed in him, on the whole; for he evidently had relapsed into his savage state again. We have all read of the dangers of Cape Horn,—of the vengeance which the winds and the tempests so frequently execute upon the sailor, as he attempts to "double" that far-famed cape. The little "Ellen Gardiner" had a fearful time of it in this vicinity. We again quote Captain Snow's words: "At midnight there was a thorough Cape Horn gale, and so unpleasant was the tossing about of the ship, that all of us, with one or two exceptions, were sick. About two, a.m., a heavy sea struck us abaft, and tried the vessel's strength; doing, however, no damage, except throwing the helmsman over the wheel, and deluging the decks fore and aft. Not even a portion of our bulwarks was washed away, and only a loose port and a few trifling articles were carried overboard. At three, a.m., the gale was at it its height; and so heavy was it, that I felt rather curious about our position. If I attempted to arouse myself, and take a few spasmodic steps along the deck, a sudden lift of the sea would send me flying in a frantic manner, and with bursting force, against some fixture of the ship. If I held fast by the rigging, or the bulwark rail, and glanced upon that wild mysterious sea, with its dark masses and snowy crests rolling terrifically on toward us, a sheet of spray some hundred yards in length would dash forward, and all but send me, as it did the little vessel, heeling over to the other side. Turn which way I would, look how I might, it was all the same; and no matter what the ship, or what the voyage, or what the skill, or what the advantage possessed, I will say that such an awful night as we had off Cape Horn, and such as hundreds and hundreds similarly experience, is a night as full of darkling terrors, ghostly and real, as any one can possibly conceive."—Vol. II. pp. 76-77. And so we might go on, culling striking incidents and graphic descriptions; and were it not for the unpleasantness we have alluded to, the volumes of Captain Snow would take a high rank among the literature of voyages and travels.

## Quarterly Review of American Literature.

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A SUBJECT far more interesting and important than literature appears, for several months past, to have engaged the attention of the American public. The great spiritual phenomena of the nineteenth century is the Religious Revival of 1858, which has spread over every part of the United States, and will become memorable in the history of the Church of Christ. The quietness and solemnity which have marked its commencement and progress, show that it is not a mere emotional excitement, but a genuine work of the Spirit of God. It has been confined to no section of the Church, and has been characterized by united and fervent prayer, accompanied by personal efforts to enforce upon sinners the necessity of that great spiritual change, which the Founder of Christianity declares must pass upon all men if they hope for eternal life. Several publications bearing upon this subject have issued from the press, and among others we notice "The New York Pulpit in the Revival of 1858,"<sup>1</sup> containing twenty-five sermons from as many clergymen in New York, preached during the present season of great awakening. The contents of the volume are: The Holy Flock; Religious Conversation; Past Feeling; Why will ye die? The Wise Decision; Christ at the Door; Unanswered Prayer; Man's Pride against God's Grace; Tears at the Judgment; True Repentance; Seeking the Lord so as to find Him; The War that knows no Exempts and gives no Quarter; Coming to Christ; What shall I do to be Saved; Men to be Reconciled to God through Christ; The Ancient Worthies our Example; Incentives to seek Companionship with Israel; The Cross Contemplated; The Strait Gate; Man's Perdition not of God; Duty of Repentance; Religious Insensibility; The Life Battle; True Religion a Service; Not Far from the Kingdom of God. These discourses were preached by clergymen of various denominations in the ordinary ministrations of the Sabbath, and contain such exhibitions of truth as the Holy Spirit has blessed for the conversion of many souls. They were not designed for the press, and are not published as specimens of elaborate thought and theological learning, but are plain, earnest appeals, aimed directly at the conscience.

We are gratified to find that a new, revised, and greatly enlarged, edition of Dr. Hackett's "Commentary on the Original Text of the Acts of the Apostles,"<sup>2</sup> of which we gave a favourable notice in a

<sup>1</sup> The New York Pulpit in the Revival of 1858. Sermons preached in New York and Brooklyn, by Twenty-five distinguished Pastors. 12mo. New York. 1858.

<sup>2</sup> A Commentary on the Original Text of the Acts of the Apostles. By Horatio B. Hackett, D.D., Professor of Biblical Literature in Newton Theological Institution. A New Edition. Revised and greatly enlarged. 8vo., 480 pp. Boston. 1858.

former article, has just been published. This edition has been enriched by the author's visit to many of the places to which he refers, and by several years of additional study. We consider it the best exegetical commentary on the Acts of the Apostles in the English language.

Thompson's "Believer's Refuge"<sup>3</sup> is a neat volume, which will interest the young and old. It was published by the author as a parting gift to his congregation, when on the eve of his departure from them on a tour of health. It contains much admirable matter, and suggestive thought. Many of these "fugitive pieces" display deep and tender feeling, clothed in simple and beautiful language.

Those whose hearts and homes have been desolated by the removal of pious friends to their final rest, will derive consolation in perusing a volume entitled "Our Friends in Heaven,"<sup>4</sup> by the Rev. J. M. Killen. The author furnishes evidences that our beloved kindred in Christ are not lost to us, but that we shall hereafter recognize them in glory. He adduces arguments in support of this truth from the Old Testament, the Gospels, and the Apocalypse, and from the nature of the perfection in knowledge and happiness revealed in the Gospel.

Dr. Van Santvoord's "Discourses on Special Occasions and Miscellaneous Papers,"<sup>5</sup> deserve many appreciative readers. The discourses are far above ordinary pulpit performances, and are characterised by broad, comprehensive views, clear conceptions, and cultivated taste.

Among seventeen articles, the papers of most interest, in a literary point of view, are the discourses on John Quincy Adams, Henry Clay, and Daniel Webster, the discourse on the Worth of the Scriptures, and the comparison between Robert Hall, who might be regarded as the Cicero of the English, and Thomas Chalmers, the Demosthenes of the Scottish Pulpit. At times, this gifted preacher of the Dutch Reformed Church, rises to genuine eloquence. We present a short paragraph, as a fair specimen of the paper of forty pages on Hall and Chalmers: "The world will hear the voices of these eloquent men no more. The mighty leveller consigns to the worm the strong man equally with the feeble. But the ark is safe, though the strongest arms that upheld it are paralyzed. The church and the truth live on just the same, though the brightest ornaments of the one, and the ablest defences of the other fall into the grave."

Four volumes of Dr. Sprague's "Annals of the American Pulpit,"<sup>6</sup> are now before the public. The first two volumes, devoted

<sup>3</sup> The Believer's Refuge; or, Meditation on Christ and Heaven. By Joseph P. Thompson, Pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle Church, New York.

<sup>4</sup> Our Friends in Heaven; or, The Mutual Recognition of the Redeemed in Glory Demonstrated. By the Rev. J. M. Killen. Philadelphia.

<sup>5</sup> Discourses on Special Occasions, and Miscellaneous Papers. By C. Van Santvoord. New York.

<sup>6</sup> Annals of the American Pulpit; or, Commemorative Notices of distinguished American Clergymen of various denominations, from the early settlement of the Country to the close of the year 1855. With Historical Introductions. By William B. Sprague, D.D. 8vo., Vols. III. and IV., pp. 1468. New York. 1858.

to the ministers of the Congregational churches, were noticed by us on their publication. The third and fourth, recently published, contain formal biographies of more than two hundred and fifty clergymen of the Presbyterian denomination, besides incidental notices of a far greater number. The sketcher of the more eminent ministers, as Brainerd, Davies, Mason, the Tenants, &c., are of considerable length. The work is written with impartiality, and will be a durable monument to the skill and industry of the historian of the American pulpit, who is now so successfully completing his Herculean labour.

Felt's "Ecclesiastical History of New England"<sup>7</sup> is a volume highly creditable to the author, and will rescue many worthy names and noble deeds from oblivion. The author gives us the narrative in nearly the same form he finds it in the original records. The first volume is brought down to the year 1648, and when the work is completed, it will be an important contribution to American history.

The above works relate to theology and analogous subjects; in history, biography, science, and general literature, we notice the following: Up to the year 1834, there was no history of America, that was deserving of much praise. The incomplete work of Judge Marshall was the only one, by a native author, worthy of the name. Graham's "History of the Colonization," and Botta's "Account of the Revolution," were acknowledged to be the best histories of America for their respective periods. The first volume of Bancroft's "History of the United States" was issued in 1834, and the second and third followed, frequently appearing in new editions. The fourth, fifth, and sixth were soon published, the last of which brings the narrative to the commencement of the American Revolution. The entire work bears ample testimony to the learning and industry of the author, and, when completed, we believe, will place him in the very front rank of contemporary historians. We have now the pleasure to announce to our readers that the seventh volume of Bancroft's "History of the United States, from the Discovery of the American Continent,"<sup>8</sup> has been issued. It embraces the period between May, 1774, and June, 1775, from the closing of the port of Boston to the battle of Bunker Hill. "This volume, while it forms the continuation of the history as already published, is the first of four volumes, embracing the period of the American Revolution, from the Blockade of Boston, to the Treaty of Peace at Paris, in 1782, and will contain, *in a great degree from manuscript and unpublished sources*, the history of the nation during the first portion of this eventful period, including the blockade of Boston harbour, the general organization of the country, the alteration of the charter of Massachusetts, the resistance of the people of Massachusetts, the spirit of the South, the Congress of 1774, the progress of measures in

<sup>7</sup> The Ecclesiastical History of New England; comprising not only Religious, but also Moral and other Relations. By Joseph B. Felt. Boston.

<sup>8</sup> The History of the United States, from the Discovery of the American Continent. Vol. VII., 8vo., pp. 435. Boston. 1858.

England, France, and elsewhere, the battles of Lexington and Concord, the siege of Boston, the Congress of 1775, the choice of Washington as Commander-in-Chief, the battle of Bunker Hill," &c., &c. These four volumes will also be published separately, as the "American Revolution," independent of the preceding volumes of the work. During Mr. Bancroft's residence here as Minister-Plenipotentiary to Great Britain, the records of the State Paper Office, the records of the Treasury, and the most interesting manuscripts in private and public collections were freely placed at his disposal. Similar courtesies were extended to him in Paris. Of the use which Mr. Bancroft made of these valuable opportunities, his library gives proof. The collection of manuscripts on American history is contained in between two and three hundred bound volumes, in which are copies of important unpublished documents. Many of these are copies of records in the public archives of England, France, and Holland, while others are taken from private collections, including those of the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Earl of Carlisle, the Duke of Grafton, and several hundred notes which passed between George III. and Lord North. Mr. Bancroft's history is based on contemporary documents, his statements are founded on the most thorough investigation, his details are minute, and his reflections philosophical. In his pages the worthies of old time live and act before us, and he often cites the very words they uttered, which gives to the narrative the thrilling interest of a well-constructed drama. His style has not the smooth and easy flow of Prescott, but his sentences are terse, pointed, and elaborate, and well-suited to his matter. Mr. Bancroft's history has been translated into several foreign languages, and republished in the original in London and Paris.

Holland's "Bay Path"<sup>9</sup> is a historical tale of considerable interest. The characters are fresh and well-drawn, and the descriptions of scenery those of a careful observer. The plot is simple, and the attention of the reader is never diverted from the principal personages of the story. Most of the facts are found in the Colonial Records of New England. The opinions, religious differences, manners, and conversation of the early settlers are, in general, well described.

Elder's "Biography of Dr. Kane"<sup>10</sup> is a handsome volume, neatly illustrated, and presents the subject of the memoir in pleasing and vivid colours. It describes Dr. Kane's early thirst for perilous adventures, his indefatigable application to the study of medicine and natural science, his mental power, and moral worth. It is, however, marked by faults of style, and the last hundred and thirty pages are occupied with too minute details of the funeral honours rendered to this illustrious Arctic discoverer.

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<sup>9</sup> The Bay Path. A Tale of New England Colonial Life. By J. G. Holland, Author of the "History of Massachusetts," &c. 12mo., 418 pp. New York. 1857.

<sup>10</sup> Biography of Elisha Kent Kane. By William Elder. 8vo., pp. 416. Philadelphia. 1858.

In this intellectual age, every one is expected to be acquainted with the new discoveries in science. Professor Porter, in his "Principles of Chemistry,"<sup>11</sup> has added increasing interest to one of the most attractive sciences, by preparing a text book adapted to the wants of students, illustrated by numerous experiments. His arrangement is lucid and systematic, and the principles and facts of the science are distinctly stated. The study of chemistry is an important branch of practical education, and of great value in developing the mental energies of youth. The work of Professor Porter will be useful to all classes, and especially to those engaged in manufactures and the arts. The author is an eminent and successful professor in one of the most distinguished colleges in the United States.

Dr. Gordon's "Threefold Test of Modern Spiritualism"<sup>12</sup> is a record of facts, and contains a vast amount of curious knowledge. Intelligent persons differ in opinion as to the manner in which modern spiritualism or necromancy should be treated. Some consider it should be regarded with that contempt in which transient delusions are usually held; others think it should be boldly denounced as a subtle and dangerous enemy to truth; others again, consider it deserving of investigation on scientific and religious principles, in order to expose its fallacies. The author of this volume is one of the latter class, and he records its heterogeneous phenomena impartially, just as they are reported by those who believe in it, and convicts it of deception by its responses. The first chapter contains copious specimens of the facts on which the spiritualists establish their system, and the author demonstrates that the professed ability of the spirits to answer *mental* questions is without the least foundation in truth. The second chapter unfolds the *first test* of modern spiritualism, derived from the author's own experience, in which he gives an account of fifteen sittings, with their questions mentally asked, and the answers rapped out. The third chapter contains a statement of "parallel manifestations among the heathen," in which Dr. Gordon endeavours to prove that modern spiritualism is ancient heathenism revived. The *second test*, which is drawn from the nature of the communications furnished by the spirit-literature, is very convincing as proving a negative. No person whose brain is not palsied, or his conscience seared, can believe that such communications as are there exhibited, could be uttered by wise or good spirits. The *third test* is that derived from the Bible, in which all sorts of necromancers, as well as those who consult them, are condemned. The utterances of modern mediums are shown to differ from those of the holy oracles, as Satan differs from God. The reader who may not agree with Dr. Gordon's view of the causes of

<sup>11</sup> Principles of Chemistry. Embracing the most recent Discoveries in the Science, and the Outlines of its Application to Agriculture and the Arts. Illustrated by numerous Experiments, newly adapted to the simplest apparatus. By John A. Porter, M.A., M.D., Professor of Agricultural and Organic Chemistry in Yale College. 12mo., pp. 477. New York. 1857.

<sup>12</sup> The Threefold Test of Modern Spiritualism. By William R. Gordon. 12mo., pp. 404. New York.

these phenomena, or on other points, will find in this elaborate work much that is amusing and suggestive, ingenious and discriminating. The book would have been more readable, if the matter had been greatly compressed.

## Brief Notices.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE ATONEMENT, deduced from Scripture, and vindicated from Misrepresentations and Objections. Six Discourses, preached before the University of Dublin, being the Donnellan Lectures for the year 1857. By John Cotter Macdonnell, B.D., Vicar of Laracor, Diocese of Meath. London: Rivingtons. Dublin: Hodges & Smith. 1858.

FROM a successor of Swift in the Vicarage of Laracor, and a grandson of *Pentateuch* Graves, both literature and divinity might fairly expect some offering of worth to be laid upon their altar; and in the present case we venture to affirm that that expectation will not be disappointed. It is now nearly sixty years since Archbishop Magee published his great work on "Atonement and Sacrifice." The controversy which prompted its publication, and which had previously called forth the excellent Bampton Lectures of Mr. Veysie, after smouldering for half a century, has again burst out with renewed violence, and the doctrine of Atonement is now assailed, not by Socinians only, but by members and ministers of the Anglican Church. Mr. F. D. Maurice, and other writers of note, have taught their followers to regard everything, which had been generally considered essential to this doctrine, as the idle inventions of a semi-heathenish priestcraft; and Professor Jowett's book on the Epistles of St. Paul has boldly adopted statements and arguments which were before considered peculiar to the Unitarian and the Deist. The publication of his work seemed suddenly to wake up the University of Oxford to a sense of the perils, from the side of Rationalism, which were gathering round her ancient faith. But, up to the present crisis, the University of Magee has done nothing till the appearance of Mr. Macdonnell's book, for the vindication of a truth of which, when assailed by Socinians, she produced by far the ablest defence. The lack of service she has now supplied in the present production of one of her not least worthy sons, of which production it is little to say that it is learned, thoughtful, transparently clear, and greatly to the purpose. That purpose is at once limited and comprehensive. The author says: "The lectures are not meant to be a complete treatise on the Atonement; nor yet are they intended merely to answer the objections peculiar to the present day. They were written, indeed, with a special reference to these objections, and particularly to the works of Jowett and Maurice; but my object has been rather to restate the doctrine and the Scriptural evidence on which it rests, in such a form as to exhibit the futility of these attacks, than to review the objections."

themselves in detail." It is not to be expected that while these discourses exhibit mainly the same views as *THE ECLECTIC* recently advocated in its notice of Dr. Wardlaw's theological lectures, there should not be many statements put forward in them on which divines will be found to disagree. The author himself presupposes and admits that there are "differences of opinion" amongst those who hold the doctrine of an objective Atonement, on "essential points." These he has left untouched as far as possible, and confined himself to a treatment of "the doctrine as a whole"—vindicating it as salutary, Scriptural, and Divine. Along with Dr. Lee's exhaustive and very erudite volume on "Inspiration," Mr. Macdonnell's valuable treatise will go far to prove how undeserved is the reproach of the Dublin University as the silent sister of her English academic kindred.

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*APOSTOLIC MISSIONS; or, The Sacred History Amplified and Combined with the Apostolic Epistles, &c.* By the Rev. J. H. Barker, M.A., of St. John's College, Cambridge. London.

THIS little volume, entitled, "*Apostolic Missions*," has for its object to present a "continuous history under the form of a paraphrase of the Acts of the Apostles, combined with, and illustrated by the Epistles of Paul, and also contemporaneous secular history." This paraphrase is divided into sections, and interspersed with historical and geographical information, and practical reflections. We are not disposed to look with much favour upon paraphrases in general, as the effect, in our estimation, is to weaken the force of the sublime language of the Bible. But we think, in this instance, that the author has at least succeeded in the design which he proposed to himself for execution. The historical and geographical information is exceedingly valuable, and in this degree helpful to the study of this important portion of Holy Writ. The practical reflections, compiled chiefly from commentators, admirable for the devout spirit they breathe, are too ejaculative and "sermonified," to suit the character of the book itself; this defect, however, arising from the author's attempting to combine two almost incompatible things—to fit the book, at the same time, for instruction and family worship. The value of the volume is enhanced by a map and a chronological table.

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*THE AGE OF LEAD: a Satire, in Two Books.* By Adolphus Pasquin. With an Introduction, by the Rev. George Giltillan. London: Judd & Glass. 1858.

"*THE AGE OF LEAD*" is, of course, the present age, which is dull and dark; but the author admits that "the partial obscuration is happily redeemed by the presence of some brilliant constellations, particularly in the walks of science;" an admission for which these constellations in their scientific promenades will, we trust, show themselves sufficiently grateful. The best sentence in the author's book is appended as a note on the aforesaid walking stars: "We also

gladly make an exception in favour of our *periodical* literature. The critical reviews (quarterly and monthly), magazines, and journals of Great Britain, at the current era, are to the glory of the nation, and immeasurably surpass those of other realms and times." Although our hebdomedal Reviews and Journals are quite as strikingly beyond comparison, on the part of any other country or age, the author pronounces a tacit opinion to their discredit, for reasons best known to himself. The note we here give is, notwithstanding, the gem of the volume. The next best thing in it is Mr. Gilfillan's Introduction, in which there is much ability displayed, but in which we object to the apologetic tone adopted with respect to Christianity,—a very serious drawback upon the pleasure of reading this, as well as others of this learned gentleman's works. The least satisfactory portion of the volume is the Satire itself, in which the whole drift of the author appears to be to expunge, if possible, Mr. Dickens, Mr. Hepworth Dixon, and Dr. Mackay from the book of the living, and to write up certain small celebrities, such as "Genesis" Howard (between whose poem and "Paradise Lost," the *Athenæum* exhibited most suspicious resemblance), "Beelzebub" Goodrich, and men of equal renown. The versification of the poem is respectable.

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WILLIE'S REST: a Story for Young Readers. By the Author of "Round the Fire," &c., &c. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1857.

THIS is a very sweet little story on the duty of keeping the Sabbath; including two extremely pretty parables for the young.

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THE ELEMENTS OF MORAL SCIENCE, with Questions for Examination. By Francis Wayland, D.D. With Notes and Analysis, by Joseph Angus, D.D. London: The Religious Tract Society.

DR. ANGUS is doing good service to students, and to readers in general, by editing such works as these. While we may not entirely agree with him as to the value of Dr. Wayland's contribution to our literature upon ethics, we accord to him our most hearty commendation for the manner in which he has executed his portion of the work. The notes and analysis are admirable. Moreover, we have reason to know that Dr. Wayland himself is gratified to find that his book has fallen into such editorial hands. If, therefore, the author himself is satisfied with his editor, who else has a right to complain? We feel sure that, with such helps as Dr. Angus has supplied, and published under the auspices of the Religious Tract Society, Dr. Wayland's book will become far more widely known, and be more thoroughly studied than ever.

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THE CONFESSIONS OF A CATHOLIC PRIEST. London: John Chapman. 8vo. 1858.

THIS is a fiction of the same class as Froude's "Nemesis of Faith," but lacks the marvellous talent which armed the Protestant onslaught upon the creeds of Christendom, with its greatest power of mischief.

This popish priest is a poor creation, poorly put on paper. But the confessions may have some foundation of truth, as the weaknesses and follies of the hero so candidly proclaimed, bear a certain resemblance to the conceivable fortunes of a Hungarian renegade priest. The voyage to Australia, we presume, is entirely due to the inventive faculty of the author and editor; the visit to Tahiti in 1854 proclaims the incident unreal. As strict an observance of decency of costume and etiquette governs the small court of Queen Pomare, as that at Windsor or Buckingham Palace, so that it is a gratuitous falsehood to represent either her chamberlain, or ladies in waiting, as wearing the dress of Eden, or being in a state of nature. The best part of the story is that which relates to the insurrection in Hungary, as we can attest, who were in Vienna when Arad fell. But even this portion may be the product of Brummagem manufacture, aided by the pseudo-Baroness Von Beck's Memoirs, and other obvious sources. The chief interest of the book, nevertheless, centres in its title.

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THE GOLDEN LAMP: an Exposition of the Tabernacle and its Services. By Ridley H. Herschell. London: Nisbet.

MR. HERSCHELL dedicates this little book to the congregation at John Street, where he preaches the Gospel, remarking that it contains the substance of much that they have heard from the pulpit. We wish the practice were more common among ministers of expounding Jewish ceremonies in the light of Christianity, as we are sure it would greatly increase the intelligence of congregations. This exposition of the typical meaning of the tabernacle and its contents will greatly assist the student of the Old Testament Scriptures. With much clearness and beauty, the symbolic character of the ancient service is pointed out, and we need not say how refreshing it is to hear a descendant of Abraham according to the flesh, placing under the strong light of the Gospel the leading features of the Levitical economy. He finds our blessed Saviour prefigured in them all. Would that all his countrymen saw as he does!

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ZAPHNATH-PAANEAH; or, The History of Joseph, viewed in Connexion with Egyptian Antiquities, and the Customs of the Times in which he lived. By the Rev. Thornley Smith. Third Edition. London: Snow.

THIS is a book of no ordinary merit, a fact of which the public have judged correctly. Nor will its third edition be its last. Let it not be supposed that this is a mere book of homilies to young men, of which the illustrious Joseph is both the text and the exemplar. It is far more than that, justifying its title in relation to the antiquities of Egypt and its social customs at the time to which the biography refers. Mr. Smith is a man of undoubted ability, but no amount of ability could produce a work of this character, without patient research and much reading, and we are obliged to the excellent author for giving us the results of his research and reading in this very interesting work.

SERMONS. By the Rev. W. T. Maudson, M.A., Incumbent of Beresford Chapel, Camberwell Gate, and Assistant-Precacher of St. George's Chapel, Albemarle Street. London: Wertheim. 1858.

THESE are sensible and good sermons, which must have been effective in delivery. We quote one sentence from a sermon on all things working together for good to them that love God: "All things work together." God is both the Great Designer and Mainspring of this moral mechanism; and, therefore, O ye of little faith! what reason can ye have to doubt either the continuance or the correctness of its movements? In the orderings of a providential system, everything tends, in its proper place and measure, to the bringing about of one grand and mighty result; and though we are apt to be perplexed by the number of the wheels we see, wheel revolving within wheel, yet, if we wait and watch (as did Ezekiel in his mysterious vision), anon, we shall hear their *unity* proclaimed; and a presiding voice shall emphatically address them *all*, and say 'O Wheel!' (Ezek. x. 13.)

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DEATH SCENES OF SCOTTISH MARTYRS. By Henry Inglis. Edinburgh: Constable; London: Hamilton.

THIS book consists of ballads, or sketches in verse, of the death scenes of some of the Scottish martyrs, the text of which appears in the form of notes, in the latter part of the volume. As befits the tragic character of the poems, the descriptive and the pathetic are finely blended in them, and though, in pieces so short, it was impossible for Mr. Inglis to do full justice to his powers, we see enough to satisfy us that he is no pretender, but a genuine bard. We like the book chiefly, however, as a contribution, in an unexpected form, to the glorious cause of Protestantism. It is a volume to attract the eye by its old-fashioned type, and to touch the heart by its tales of woe.

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A COMMENTARY ON THE BOOK OF PSALMS; Critical, Devotional, and Prophetical with the Text of the Authorized Version, metrically arranged according to the original Hebrew. By W. De Burgh, D.D., late Donnellan Lecturer in the University of Dublin, &c. Part I. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co. 1858.

DR. DE BURGH has the reputation of being a good Hebrew scholar, and the work of which we give the title is a fair specimen of his ability, and of the usefulness of his designed publication. The portion before us is a sample containing only the text of the first two Psalms. In defence of his plan of giving the authorized version of these inspired songs, reserving his critical emendations for the notes, he says, quite correctly: "A close examination of the new translations that have been set forth from time to time of this and other books of Scripture will show that the real differences are but few, and that the *newness* consists, for the most part, of renderings supposed to be more elegant and expressive, or founded on conjectural criticism, and generally anything but alterations for the better." The author's short note on Psalm i. 5, will explain his manner:

"*Shall not stand, or shall not rise*, as קים also signifies. So the Sept. ἀναστήσονται, Vulg. *resurgant*." This probably refers to some peculiar notions of Dr. De Burgh respecting the resurrection. Students will not expect to find in this forthcoming serial the extensive scholarship of an Ewald, or a Gesenius, or that of a Lee and a Henderson, amongst ourselves, yet will they receive in a convenient form much that is calculated to render the thoughtful perusal of this part of Scripture intelligent and instructive. The author's confidence in Horsley and Parkhurst is not to be commended: nevertheless, his publication has our best wishes.

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THE POETICAL WORKS OF HENRY DURAND. With a Biographical Preface by the late Professor A. Vinet, of Lausanne. Translated from the French by the Rev. R. A. Blomefield. London: William Lay.

THESE productions of a Swiss poet, who died at the early age of twenty-three, are full of interest, even though read through the unsatisfactory medium of a translation. Their inspiration arises direct from the glorious scenery and the legends of his native country, and exhibit a truly poetic spirit, proving their author to have been a man of high promise. Keenly should we regret that Henry Durand was called away before our atmosphere was filled with his song, if we did not believe that the mission of the poet-mind has yet another and a higher sphere than earth. It is impossible to speak in too high terms of the Biographical Preface by Professor Vinet, himself, alas! likewise departed. It is extremely beautiful, rich in suggestion, and brings the reader into close acquaintance with the amiable, noble, and religious character of Durand,—a character which must have been also one of great power, judging from the deep emotion which his death called forth in the extended circle in which he moved.

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PRAYERS FOR THE CHAMBER OF SICKNESS. By T. B. V. London: Wertheim. 1858.

THESE are beautiful and appropriate prayers for private devotion in a sick chamber, and there is a sick chamber in every house. They may be very properly put into the hands of an invalid to awaken those feelings of devotion which they help to express. The prayers are short, simple, and expressive. There needs be nothing better of its size.

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GEMS FROM SPURGEON: Being chiefly Extracts from his Authorized Sermons. London: Partridge & Co.

THOSE who admire Mr. Spurgeon, and they are many, will find some of his best things in this neat volume.

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NAPLES AND KING FERDINAND: an Historical Sketch of the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, with Biographical Notices of the Neapolitan Bourbons. By Elizabeth Dawbarn. London: L. Booth.

AS the interest excited by the perverse policy of Naples continues to increase, so will be the desire of the British public to know some-

thing of the events distinguishing the reigning dynasty, and especially of the present sovereign of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies. Miss Elizabeth Dawbarn has, therefore, opportunely presented this rapid sketch of Naples, and the political acts of Ferdinand II. To those who wish to obtain, at a rapid glance, a casual knowledge of the past and present history of the country, we can safely recommend this work. However, the reader must not expect a profound or elaborate narrative; it is, as we have said, a rapid skeleton sketch, but well serves the purpose of giving, in a panoramic view, an outline of the events connected with the Neapolitan people. The anecdotes introduced give life and animation to the work, whilst the character of King Ferdinand is ably and faithfully portrayed.

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### Monthly Review of Public Events.

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THE season is flickering out like a candle which has burnt down to the socket. London has been so hot, and the Thames so nasty, and Parliamentary business, for the most part, so formal and uninteresting, that we do not wonder that honourable gentlemen and noble lords should have been unusually dull. Lord PALMERSTON has left off joking, and Mr. DISRAELI has become prosaic.

The most important events of the month have been of an ecclesiastical character. Lord LUCAN's bill, which the Lords have accepted, permits the House of Commons to omit from the Parliamentary Oath, the critical words, "on the true faith of a Christian;" but, with extraordinary folly and inconsistency, their lordships inform the Lower House that, in their judgment, a Jew is incapacitated by his religion for legislating for a Christian nation. They give up the key to let the intruder in, but pass a formal resolution against admitting him. The political services in the Prayer Book having been abolished, his Grace, the Duke of MARLBOROUGH was anxious to have in their place some service commemorating in a less objectionable manner the great "national mercies" which the lost treasures celebrated, but the Peers showed no favour to his Grace's devout proposal. With their lordships' violent "casting out" of the Church Rate Bill our readers must all be familiar. Of course the powerful muster of the noble defenders of Church and State, and the heavy majority by which the Upper House proved its incorruptible fidelity to the interests of the Establishment, were intended to strike awe into the hearts of all the Nonconformists in the realm, and to convince them of the folly and futility of their enterprise. We decline to receive the lesson. Nay, we venture to draw a very different inference from the proud array by which we are driven from their lordships' presence. The battle has evidently become serious, and the unostentatious labours of the Liberation Society are beginning to tell in that sphere which must be the very last to feel their influence.

Another noteworthy ecclesiastical event of the month, is the commencement of the Exeter Hall services, under the auspices of those members of the Church of England whom Mr. EDOUARD check-mated a few months ago. But that gentleman has lost none of that power before which Lord SHAFTESBURY and all his party were compelled to bow last winter. His lordship's "Special Services Bill," and that of the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, have both come to an untimely end; so that the services are now being conducted in defiance of the traditionary principles of the Establishment.

But for the recent and more terrible horrors of Cawnpore and Delhi, the story of the massacre of the Christians at Jeddah, by the Mussulman population, would have made us thrill with agony and indignation. A more barbarous outrage, and one with less provocation, we scarcely remember to have heard of, and we trust that the Government will compel the Porte to inflict rapid and severe punishment. It is of infinite consequence that the name of England should be terrible enough all along the route to the East, to render such cruelties impossible for the future. There can be little doubt, that the same Mahometan fanaticism, and the same wild hope of reviving the ancient triumphs of the Koran, which engendered the insane, but disastrous mutiny of the Bengal army, have had to do with the Jeddah massacre; and it is on that account important that an instant blow should be struck, the remembrance of which shall paralyze the arm and appal the heart of every Mussulman who shall henceforth dream of attacking a Christian.

France is still an object of intense interest and anxiety all over Europe: the tremendous preparations at Cherbourg are still a mystery; and while they are unexplained, it would be folly and treachery for our own Government to leave our coasts unprotected. The downfall of the Spanish Ministry and the elevation of O'DONNELL to the premiership, strengthens LOUIS NAPOLEON in the Peninsula, and multiplies the reasons for watching his policy with the keenest attention. Yet it is hard to believe that LOUIS NAPOLEON can dream of breaking with England: the very hour that witnessed the first demonstration of his treachery would witness the unfolding of the red flag in every great city between Paris and Naples; and we believe that with the present Ministry in power, England would be speedily allied with the heroes and patriots, with whom Lord PALMERSTON has shamefully trifled, and every lover of freedom on the Continent would fight under our standard, and call us blessed.

The Government have resolved to commit the purification of the Thames to the Metropolitan Board of Works, guaranteeing £3,000,000 for the expense; so that, in due time, we hope that Father Thames will find himself somewhat cleaner and more wholesome. We rejoice that Mr. HUTT's proposal to abandon our measures for the forcible repression of the Slave Trade was rejected by a large majority; instead of terminating the watch, we would make it more effective.

The failure of the attempt to lay the Atlantic wire has been a

severe disappointment to multitudes, but to many it was no surprise. We earnestly hope that the third attempt may be more successful, but we confess to serious doubts: a lighter wire could, we are persuaded, be deposited, with far less risk of fracture. The very disasters of the expedition, however, which no doubt partly account for the failure, served to display the profound devotion to the great enterprise of the scientific men who had charge of the cable, and the indomitable courage of our British sailors. There is heroism in the old blood yet.

## Books Received.

- Appeal (An) for Royalty: a Letter to Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria. W. Freeman.  
 Baptist Magazine, for July. Pewtress & Co.  
 Bateman's Hymns, for Devotion and Duty. Routledge & Co.  
 British Evangelist, for July. Partridge & Co.  
 British Quarterly Review (The), for July. Jackson & Walford.  
 Canto (A) on Cant. By a Cantab. J. R. Taylor, Chancery Lane.  
 Chaplain's (The) Narrative of the Siege of Delhi. With a Plan of the City. Smith, Elder, & Co.  
 Christianity in the Business of Life. No. VI. of the Excelsior Library. John F. Shaw.  
 Commentary (The) Wholly Biblical. Part XXI. Samuel Bagster & Sons.  
 Confession: a Tale of the Stars and Clouds. By S. Hancock. Wertheim, Macintosh, & Hunt.  
 Correspondant (Le), for June and July. Paris: Librairie de Charles Duniol.  
 Crisis (The) in the Punjab, from the 10th of May until the Fall of Delhi. Smith, Elder, & Co.  
 Eight Months' Campaign against the Bengal Sepoy Army. By Colonel Bouchier. Smith & Elder.  
 English Girl's (An) Account of a Moravian Settlement in the Black Forest. Hall, Virtue, & Co.  
 Englishwoman's Journal (The), for July. Piper, Stephenson, & Spence.  
 Evangelical Christendom: its State and Prospects, for July. The Evangelical Alliance.  
 Evangelical Magazine, for July. Ward & Co.  
 Evangelical (The) Preacher: or, Studies for the Pulpit. Vol. III. John F. Shaw.  
 Fragments touching the Divine Life for Sinners and Saints. A. W. Bennett, Bishopsgate Street.  
 Fulton's Facts and Fallacies of the Sabbath Question. John Chapman.  
 Hillworth; or, Omissions Rectified. By Theophilus Hortentio. Judd & Glass.  
 History of German Literature. By the Rev. Frederick Metcalfe, M.A. Longmans & Co.  
 History of Wesleyan Methodism. Vol. II.—The Middle Age. By G. Smith, LL.D. Longmans.  
 Home Islands (Our): their Productive Industry. By the Rev. T. Milner. Religious Tract Soc.  
 Homely Rhymes. Burns & Lambert.  
 Homilist (The), for July. Ward & Co.  
 Jewish Chronicle (The), for July. Office: 7, Bevis Marks.  
 Journal (The) of Psychological Medicine and Mental Pathology. New Series, No. XI. J. Churchill.  
 Journal (The) of Sacred Literature, and Biblical Record, for July. Alexander Heylin.  
 Leisure Hour (The). Part LXXIX. Religious Tract Society.  
 Life in Italy and France in the Olden Time. By John Campbell Colquhoun. Wertheim & Macintosh.  
 Life of Mary Anne Schimmelpenninck. Two Vols. (Portrait.) Longmans & Co.  
 London Diocesan Church Building Society. Fourth Annual Report. Office: 79, Pall Mall.  
 London University Magazine, for June. Hall, Virtue, & Co.  
 Mark Wilton, the Merchant's Clerk. By the Rev. C. B. Tayler. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.  
 Memoirs of the Life and Labours of the Rev. Samuel Marsden. Religious Tract Society.  
 National Review (The). No. XIII. Chapman & Hall.  
 New Englander (The), for May. Trübner & Co.  
 Nightshade. By Wm. Johnston, M.A. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.  
 Ophthalmoscope (The). By Jabez Hogg. John Churchill.  
 Philip Paternoster: a Tractarian Love-Story. Two Vols. By an Ex-Puseyite. Bentley.  
 Reaction (The) of a Revival upon Religion: a Sermon. By G. E. Ellis. Boston, U.S.: Crosby & Co.  
 Record (A) of the Patriarchal Age. By Rev. D. L. Heath. Longmans & Co.  
 "Religious Difficulty" (The) in National Education. By Benjamin Templar. Simpkin & Co.  
 Sabbath Question (The) considered Scripturally. By Henry Fulton. John Chapman.  
 Sacrifice (The) of the Lord Jesus, in Type and Fulfilment. Nisbet & Co.  
 Second (The) Vision of Daniel: a Paraphrase, in Verse. Longmans & Co.  
 Sermons. By the Rev. John Caird, M.A. W. Blackwood & Sons.  
 Small Boy's (The) Mythological Primer. In Rhyme. By E. A. Wyand & Son.  
 Sunday (The) at Home. Part LI. Religious Tract Society.  
 Supplement to Mr. Goode's Work on the Eucharist. Thomas Hatchard.  
 Traits and Stories of Anglo-Indian Life. By Lieutenant-Colonel Addison. Smith, Elder, & Co.  
 Travels in Central Africa. By Dr. Barth. Vols. IV. and V. Longmans & Co.  
 What is a Boy? and What to do with him. By Thomas Morell Blackie. Simpkin & Co.